

Petition Accepted; Convocation Date Advanced

Mrs. Waagen Wins Biochem Scholarship; Research Awards Won By Elofson, Edwards

Widow of Leonard Waagen to Continue Nutrition Research at Wisconsin

BRILLIANT STUDENTS

Elofson Goes to Wisconsin Also—Edwards to Study at Northwestern

Mrs. Hilda Waagen, member of the biochemistry department, Richard Elofson and Oliver Edwards, graduating students in chemistry, have recently been named winners of scholarships. Mrs. Waagen receives the Canadian Federation of University Women's junior scholarship valued at \$700. Elofson was awarded the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation research fellowship worth \$800, and Edwards has been given a graduate assistantship at Northwestern University of the value of \$725.

Summer Session To Have Three Guest Lecturers

Set For July 2 to Aug. 13

DR. SHELDON DIRECTOR

Lionel M. Gelder to Give Course International Affairs

Twenty-third annual Summer Session of the University of Alberta is to be held between July 2 and August 13. Complete details regarding registration, residences, fees and courses may be found in the Announcement obtainable at the Registrar's office.

There are three guest lecturers. Dr. John W. Bell, District Superintendent of High Schools, Chicago, will be guest lecturer in "The Secondary School Curriculum." The course is known as Education 60.

Mr. Lionel M. Gelder, guest lecturer in History 65, is a widely known authority on international affairs. Historian, writer and lecturer, Mr. Gelder was educated at Upper Canada College, the University of Toronto, and Balliol College, Oxford. He has contributed to leading periodicals on both sides of the Atlantic. He has written a book on world politics, "The Rise of Anglo-American Friendship." Dr. Gelder is also noted for his little Oxford pamphlet on "War for Power and Power for Peace." He was a recent speaker over the CBC.

Lecturer in ethics and social morality will be Professor E. T. Mitchell, graduate of the University of Alberta, and for many years Professor of Philosophy at the University of Texas.

Students and others should note that there are two schools on the University campus during the summer months. The first is the University's summer session. Its courses give undergraduate and graduate credit in the Faculty of Arts and Science, College of Education, and the School of Graduate Studies. The other is the Departmental Summer Session held by the Provincial Department of Education. The department holds another session at Calgary. Information regarding the former may be obtained from the Registrar's office, or the director, Prof. E. W. Sheldon; information regarding the latter from the Department of Education.

Co-Op Residence Will Be Reality

Co-operative residences will make their debut on the Alberta campus next fall. This scheme, where upwards of a dozen or more students rent a house collectively, has been successful at the Universities of Toronto and British Columbia. In these institutions where the cost of board was higher than in Edmonton, the students received a refund of 20 per cent. at the end of the term.

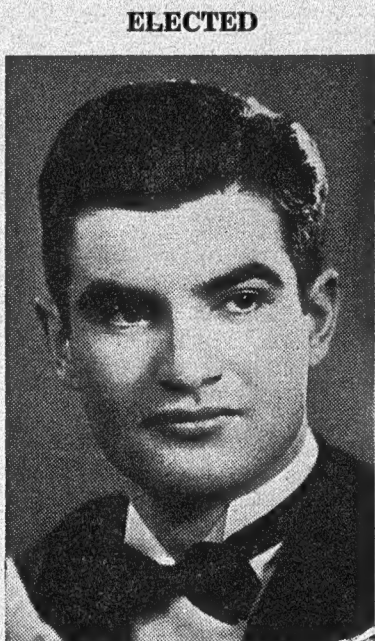
During the past year an S.C.M. discussion group has been studying the different aspects of co-operatives. This group took the initiative in presenting the idea to Alberta students.

Students who live in such a house do the work that is ordinarily done by hired help. At the University of Southern California, five hundred students have adopted this idea, and have purchased one common dining hall, laundry, kitchen, etc.

According to Vernon Fawcett, chairman of the discussion committee, one house will be in operation next year to test the desirability of making co-operatives permanent.

NOTICE

Following are Evergreen and Gold snapshot winners: Marcus Bomert, Stuart Purvis, Ken McKerns.



Delmar Foote, unsuccessful candidate for Students' Union presidency, who has been elected by the students in the Faculty of Law as their representative on Council.

Elect President Debaters Friday

Stuart Purvis, first year Law student, and prominent in S.C.M. and Tuxis circles, was elected by acclamation to the post of President of the Political Science Club.

In the race for Presidency of the Debating Society, a fight is expected. Jim Ross, last year's President of the Public Speaking Club, and an active member of debating clubs on the campus, is opposed by Jim Woods. Woods is a Freshman, but a very enthusiastic one, who is already becoming prominent on the campus.

The election for the Presidency of the Debating Society will be held on Friday, the 28th, in the Arts Rotunda, between 10 a.m. and 4 p.m.

Banff School This Summer

Ninth annual Banff School of Fine Arts will be held this year from Aug. 1 to Aug. 30. This school combines recreation and study under internationally known artists. In the past eight years it has made great strides. This year further developments have been added.

The Banff School offers courses in Drama, Art, Weaving and Design, Modelling and Pottery, Oral French and also two courses in Music. Fees for these courses are:

Drama	\$22.50
Art	22.50
Music:	
Master Course	20.00
Beginner's Course	15.00
Weaving and Design	15.00
Modelling and Pottery	15.00
Oral French	30.00
Single course in Drama (without credit)	7.50

In addition to these fees, \$1.00 must be paid for the Students' Union, to be used for social functions of a recreational nature.

Applications and further information can be obtained from the Director, Donald Cameron, Department of Extension, University of Alberta.

Edmonton Of 1858 Had Fickle Spring Weather; Palliser Described Old Fort And Its Inhabitants

Among the rare books in the possession of the University is a cloth-bound volume with the appearance of a general ledger. It is a copy of the reports of Captain John Palliser on his expedition to what is now Alberta and British Columbia.

Palliser was commissioned by Queen Victoria to explore the west. It was to be a scientific survey of the strip of land lying between Lake Superior and the far side of the Rocky Mountains. His reports were published in 1863 by the Queen's Printer. One of these copies belongs to the University.

On more than one occasion Palliser visited Edmonton. January 29, 1858, he reached Edmonton for the second time. "At 7:30 this morning we reached Edmonton, having in the last 26 hours travelled 90 miles from the Goose Island, making in all 212 miles from the Rocky Mountain House."

"We were all very much knocked up, of course, but hunger and fatigue soon disappeared under the kind attention of Mr. Swanson, who is an old and experienced traveller, and knows the proper mode of treating such cases."

Then as now Edmonton weather fluctuated between two extremes, too cold and too warm. It was only fitting that Palliser should remark: "The weather has been very changeable at this place throughout the winter. On Monday last and during the following night there was a heavy fall of snow, which only lay a few hours, when rain and warm wind from the south-west succeeded and cleared it away completely. To-

Present Watches Panton, Neilson At Color Night

Over 280 Attend Banquet and Dance

ROBSON ORGANIZED

Dr. MacEachran and Dr. Shoemaker Speak

Color Night was a success in anyone's language. From the 6:30 hour when the 280 guests took their places in the main dining room of the Corona Hotel until Cec Cameron and his man had played the last notes of the home waltz, Color Night was a success. So successful was this affair of affairs that it is likely to become a tradition of the campus. Everybody is agreed, including many of the important members of the faculty, that the occasion would be even better if it were held on the campus in the dining room of Athabaska Hall. But that is next year's problem. The point remains that Color Night was a roaring success.

The dining room of the Corona was set with a huge head table at one end. The guests sat at small tables ranging in numbers from four to ten. After dinner, the collegiate guests joined in a rousing sing-song led by Roger Flumerfelt. Having worked up the suitable Varsity spirit, the feature of the evening's program, the presenting of awards to deserving students, commenced.

Dr. MacEachran talked informally for a few minutes prior to awarding the Executive A, in place of Dr. Kerr, who was in the east. In quick succession Blair Fulton, Les Wedman, Mac Burka, Miss Patrick and Dr. Shoemaker presented the diverse awards, and by 9:30 the floor of the dining room had been cleared and dancing began. The time was just right, for every minute of the hour and three-quarters proved interesting.

Highlights of the evening were reached when the students of the University presented two popular, well-known and efficient young men with gold wrist watches as tokens of their services. The first of these was Jim Pantan, whom everybody knows and likes. The watch was a token of good luck from U. of A. for Jim's future success. The other was Jack Neilson, the hard working, diplomatic and highly successful past president of the Students' Union.

Color Night was a true University of Alberta affair, carried out with all the spirit of the wearers of the green and gold. In the years to come the student of Alberta Varsity will look back and say, "Look ye to the classes of 1941 and their successful Color Night. Now get thee hence and do likewise."

NOTICE

Students in Nursing and College of Education may reserve a Year Book by depositing \$4.00 at cashier's desk.

Any others who have withdrawn their money and wish to replace it must do so immediately.

There are only a limited number of copies available.

DELMAR FOOTE.

Plan For Army Camp

No more regular C.O.T.C. parades will be held before exams, although several parades will probably be held before camp to keep the unit in practice. All those in the Auxiliary Battalion in the 21-23 age group as of last July 1, or who will be 21 between last July 1 and June of this year, will be required to attend camp also. However, as many men as pay can be obtained for will be accepted as well.

At present in the matter of the four months compulsory training now in force, University students may take one month training a year, so that the four months may be made up during their stay at University. It is decidedly advantageous for students to obtain as much practical training as possible. All students will be required to pass another medical examination before proceeding to camp. Pay will be distributed here at a pay parade towards the end of the month.

A new method of qualifying officers for the army has been announced. Training centres are to be established at Brockville, Ont., and Victoria, B.C., for practical training of cadets for officers. C. O. T. C. men who have qualifications perhaps will proceed there to complete their training.

Bandmen are needed for Canadian Holding Units in England. Those with the qualifications will proceed to England at once, needless to say, without officers' commissions.

Musical Contest Winners Named

Results of the prize contest for local composers given by the Musical Club of the University were announced at an open meeting of the club held on Sunday evening, March 10.

Winner of the contest was a Suite for the Piano in Four Movements by Mrs. Eva Blasdel Brooker. Chet Lamberton, well-known campus musician and composer of the Alberta Varsity song, placed second with a group of vocal compositions, while third place went to Mr. Gordon C. Price with a composition for the piano. David Newson, student in the Law faculty, was given honorable mention for two songs.

Purpose of the contest was to encourage the writing of original compositions of good music among the University students and residents of the province. As such, the contest was open to all Alberta musicians, whether professional or non-professional. Compositions were submitted in two classes, vocal and instrumental.

Election of the executive of the Musical Club for the coming year was held. The following comprise the new officers: President, Ottomar Cypri; vice-president, Jean Eagle; sec.-treasurer, Roger Flumerfelt; program convener, Mrs. Newton; executive, Mr. R. G. Williams and Prof. Nichols.

Say May 19th Likelier Date; Faculty Meeting Will Make Final Decision Near Future

Army Camp Reason for Advancing Graduation—Senior Class Makes Tentative Program

SENATE MEETING DIFFICULTY

Public Address System for Convocation Hall Class '41 Gift

At a meeting held Monday afternoon the faculty pushed the date of Convocation ahead a week to either Monday, May 19, or Tuesday, May 20. The 19th is the more probable date. A final decision will be reached at a meeting in the near future. The reason for advancing the date is to allow men graduates who otherwise would be at army camp to attend Convocation. If Convocation had been held as originally scheduled, in all likelihood functions would have been cancelled.

Difficulty with the 19th is that the Senate meeting could be held only under difficult circumstances. Such a meeting must be held immediately before Convocation. A Saturday session is difficult. Moreover, if Convocation were held on the 19th, Convocation rehearsal would have to be held on the same day as Convocation itself. Another reason against the 19th is that it would give rise to transportation difficulties. The majority of stub railways have trains from Edmonton on Mondays with few trains to the city.

Despite these objections, the meeting decided that the 19th was the better date.

Senior executive has worked out a tentative program of functions on the assumption that Convocation will be on the 19th. On Friday evening graduates will have a Barn Dance. It will be followed by the Tree Service and Valedictory Address on Saturday afternoon. Saturday night the alumni of the University are having a banquet. Baccalaureate Service will be held in Convocation Hall Sunday morning. In the afternoon there will be a picnic at Lakeview, on the shore of Cooking Lake, 20 miles east of Edmonton. On Monday morning Convocation will be rehearsed. Convocation will be held that afternoon, and in the evening there will be the Graduation Ball.

The executive will circulate a mimeographed paper to all graduates giving the time-table of functions, where tickets, gowns and mortarboards may be obtained. The executive also urges all graduates to pay their senior fees immediately, that they may participate in the events.

Class gift is a public address system for Convocation Hall. It consists of two loud speakers and a microphone. Students' Council has installed an amplifier. The equipment is now ready for use. Convocation, however, will not be held in Convocation Hall. As usual it is planned to hold it in McDougall Church.

Honorary President of Class '41 is Dr. O. J. Walker.

Class Valedictorian is Mac Burka. Beth Rankin is historian. President of the class is Bill Howard, Vice-president Flo Brent, and Secretary-treasurer Bob Pow. Executive members are Herb Wilson, Peggy O'Meara, Jack Staples and Bob Walford.

S.C.M. Executive Election Friday

S.C.M. elections will be held Friday, March 28. Voting will be by secret ballot in Arts 152 between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. All those interested in S.C.M. are urged to vote early.

Slate presented by the Nominating Committee is:

President: Vernon Fawcett.
Vice-president: Veronica Davies, Marg Shaw.
Secretary: Kay Murray, Nancy Davies, Jean Staples.
Treasurer: Taro Yoneda.

Women's executive (2 to be elected): Margaret Armstrong, Helen Warnock, Enid Meston, Jessie Lancaster.

Men's executive (2 to be elected): David Elves, Hartford Cantelon, Roger Flumerfelt.

Further nominations should be handed in to the S.C.M. office, Arts 152, before 5 p.m. Thursday, March 27, signed by the nominator, the nominee, and three others.

Wauneitas Elect New Executive

Annual spring tea of the Wauneita Society was held on Wednesday, March 19, with 150 co-eds in attendance. Mrs. W. A. R. Kerr poured tea, assisted by Miss Mabel Patrick.

President during the past year, Nellie Coyle, introduced the new president, Helen Warnock, and thanked Mrs. Sandin, honorary president, for her help throughout the past year.

Nominations for officers for the year 1941-42 were called for. The following took office by acclamation: Vice-Pres: Ruth Ferguson.

Evergreen And Gold Prepared Middle April

Motif Secret Until Book is Issued

HALF BOOK PRINTED

More Candid Camera Shots This Year

Souvenir of the year's activities, the 1941 Edition of the Evergreen and Gold will be ready to put into the hands of the students by the middle of next month, Mac Burka, Director, told The Gateway recently.

At the present time over half of the book has been run through the printing presses, and the outside covers, which have to be specially made in eastern Canada, are expected to arrive here shortly. The work of the engravers on all the "art" work that goes into the book is practically all finished.

As always the motif of the book remains unknown except to those who are busily engaged in its production, and they are very reluctant to tell The Gateway what it is all about. But a widespread demand for candid shots of the campus and some of the prominent figures on it was made earlier in the year, and, too, the photographers of the Evergreen and Gold have been seen to be busy with their Leicas and Roliflex on numerous occasions throughout the year, so it can be expected that some of "those that knew you when" will be recorded for all time to come.

Gay Feast Ends Comm. Club Year

Final luncheon of the current year was held in St. Joseph's dining room on Wednesday, March 19. Under the capable leadership of Vice-president Marg Fulton, ably assisted by Leo Crockett and Bob Torrance, the luncheon was a great success.

The repast of chicken and accessories was chafed down by nuts and chocolates, the last mentioned being extra dividends from the year's operations (the Undergrad). As soon as the teeth of the attendants were free from these delicacies, Ernie Shortliffe of Mikado fame, assisted by Evan Wolfe at the piano, led the group in a sing-song. The main feature of this song fest was a parody on "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," importuning several professors well-known to Commerce students to go easy in marking the exam papers. However, the faculty still has a few tricks in reserve, as Mr. Winspear, the speaker of the evening, noted. Mr. Winspear, who in honorary president of the club, gave a very interesting talk with the aid of some statistics on Commerce graduates. He said that he found graduating students to be in a disgruntled mood generally, but that graduates seem to be of quite the opposite disposition.

The meeting was well attended despite the short one-day notice. Several professors, Messrs. Winspear and Hamilton of the Accounting department, Messrs. Hewitson and Elliott of the Department of Political Economy, and Dr. Sheldon of the Mathematics department, were also present.

Elections for next year's executive of the Commerce Club will be held Tuesday, April 25, after the 7:00 o'clock lecture in Commercial Law.

NOTICE

This is the second last Gateway for this academic year. Last paper will be the May Convocation issue, containing the results of all examinations.

Sec.-Treas: Gladys Vickery.
Senior Rep: Mary Barbara Mason. Results of the election held Friday are:
Junior Rep: Evelyn Peterson.
Head of Wauneita War Workers: Christine Willox.

THE GATEWAY



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TELEPHONE 31155

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DECISION of the faculty to advance the date of Convocation from May 13 to either Monday, the 19th, or the 20th, comes as very welcome news to the graduating students. The uncertainty about the date which has been present since the date of army camp was announced had caused the students a great deal of concern. By means of a petition which was presented to the officials, close to three hundred graduands indicated that it was their desire to have Convocation changed, and that they intended to be present at the ceremonies if such a change were made.

CONVOCATION DATE HAS BEEN CHANGED

With such an assurance, it is gratifying to see that the authorities have taken our wishes into consideration.

Our request for a change in date was made under extraordinary circumstances. Had Convocation been held as originally planned, it would have meant that all the male graduands would have been away at army camp and thus unable to attend. It would have meant, too, that there would have been very few co-eds attending graduation ceremonies, for before the decision of the faculty was announced, they insisted that they would rather pay the fee to graduate in absentia than incur the extra expense involved in staying in town to attend a convocation devoid of man-power.

This absence of nearly all the graduating class would have been catastrophic indeed, for after all, Convocation is for those who are receiving degrees after three or four years of study and not for the convenience of those who are to receive Honorary LL.D's.

The generous offer of the University to allow those attending army camp at Sarcee to graduate in absentia without any extra charge was hardly satisfactory. For graduation and the functions connected with it is something to which every student looks forward. If he had been deprived of the opportunity of attending this outstanding occasion, he would have been deprived of a vital part of his University education.

Again, then, the decision handed down Monday afternoon is deeply appreciated by the graduating class, who will endeavor to recompense in spirit and participation any inconvenience which may be caused by the change in date.

THE question of examinations is an old one and has always been the subject of controversy.

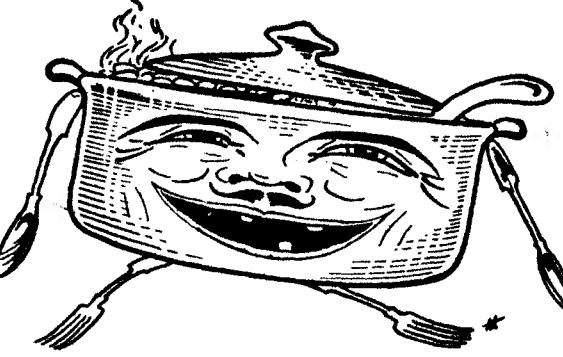
Today at the University of British Columbia, the question arises as to whether examinations are becoming an end in themselves instead of the means to an end.

In the older universities in England, examinations were only introduced as necessary evils after the system had become so lax that there was no means of checking up on the work that the students had done. As universities sprang up in London and in some of the new manufacturing cities, examinations were at once made part of the year's work, but they were not brought into Oxford and Cambridge until they were found necessary.

Since that time, examinations seem to have become more and more important, especially on this continent. They have reached a point in many universities where they dominate the whole college year. There has been a reaction in a few colleges, however, and nearer home, in the schools of this province. Instead of all-important examinations, tests are set at fairly regular intervals during the year to keep the students up to the mark. This method is supposed to do away with cramming and other evils of final examinations. It remains to be seen how successful this system will be.

At this university, examinations are coming to the point where they dominate the year's work for many

CASSEROLE



"That wise-cracker I was out with last night certainly tickled my risibilities."
"Well, I hope you stopped him."
Tsk! Tsk!

Hal—It must be awful to be a debt collector. You must be unwelcome everywhere you go.
Joe—Not at all. Practically everybody asks me to call again.
Ho! hum!

He gazed admiringly at the beautiful, but extremely revealing dress of the leading chorine in a rather risqué show.
"Who made her dress?" he asked his companion.
"I'm not sure, but I think it was the police."
Oh, shucks!

A colored preacher was hearing confession. In the middle of it, he stopped the young sinner, saying, "Young man, you ain't confessin'—yo's braggin'."
Yeh, sure thing!

"As I understand the case," said his honor, "you and your husband had a drunken altercation and you were kicked in the ensuing rumpus."
"No, sah, Judge," replied Mandy. "Ah was kicked in de stummick."
This modern anatomy.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never hath turned his head and said, "Humm, not bad!"

Honest
Judge—So you broke into the cigar store just to get a 10-cent cigar? What were you doing in the safe?
Prisoner—I was putting in the dime.

Squad, 'Shun!
"Why don't you wear that beautiful underwear you got for Christmas?"
"Oh, I'm saving that for a windy day."
A new version.

All Wrong
It was three o'clock in the morning. Heavy rolls of smoke billowed into the night sky. Angry tongues of flame shot from the windows of the blazing hotel.

Below, an army of firemen fought valiantly to check the fast-spreading blaze. On the second floor two men who had been celebrating were awakened by the commotion. One of them staggered out of bed. He walked to the window and threw it open. A powerful stream of water from a fireman's hose caught him flush in the face.

The other man propped himself up on a pillow.
"What ish it?" he inquired.
"No good," answered the other. "Sonly water!"

Oh, Me!
During a lull in the conversation at a dinner party the hostess was unfortunate enough to emit a loud, rasping hiccup. A Frenchman, sitting by her, immediately apologized profusely, as if he had committed the faux pas. When the ladies had left the dining-room, an American asked the Frenchman why he had acted in this manner.

"As monsieur knows, we are a chivalrous people," was the reply. "I saw that madame was embarrassed, so I tried to throw the blame on myself."

Presently the men joined the ladies upstairs. After a little while the American found himself in conversation with his hostess in the middle of a group of guests.

Suddenly the alarming incident was repeated—the hostess hiccupped again.

The American turned quickly to the assembled guests, and announced with an engaging smile, "Folks, this one is on me!"

So long, gang!

students. The problem seems to be not so much getting an education as getting a pass in April. When courses are studied from this viewpoint, the student cannot do his best work, but, more important, he cannot develop the qualities of an inquiring nature and of a free play of mind.

If a student wants to pass his examinations, he must spend all his time on certain definite books. As he has not the time to examine any of his own ideas or suggestions that come to him, he falls naturally into a rut of thought that is very difficult to get out of in the final year of university or in post-graduate work. He can enjoy very few of his courses, when he has the thought of examinations continually in his mind, often brought into further relief by remarks of the professors. Without enjoyment, it is very hard to bring enough interest into course to bring good results.

If the present trend continues, the university will be getting away entirely from the sound fundamentals of education. A university is not a fact market; it is an institution where men and women learn how to use their minds and the ability that nature has given them.—The Ubysses.

CORRESPONDENCE

10315 95th Street,
Edmonton.
March 19, 1941.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—I have no doubt that you have often read in the different newspapers of Canada suggestions of a Canadian National Flag. As you are aware, this country of ours is a young nation within the British Empire, and the only nation without a flag, so to speak, and this is the reason why I am writing to you to try and get the University of Alberta to be the first to have the National Flag of this country. The colors of the University are Green and Gold. Wouldn't it be nice to have the flag green background? The Union Jack in the top left-hand corner, and a gold Maple Leaf in the bottom right corner. It would not only represent the University, but would take in all Canada. The green would represent green, fresh fields of the prairie in the west, and the gold Maple Leaf would take in also the golden wheat, the backbone of the country, and represent the whole of Canada. The Maple Leaf is worn by Her Majesty and our fighting forces, and why not have it for our national flag?

Every loyal, true-born Canadian should wear a Maple Leaf and be proud for everyone to see it, as I have fought for this country.

ARTHUR LETHEM.

11504 96th Street,
Edmonton.
March 15, 1941.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—I wish to thank you for the stand The Gateway has taken, as shown in your editorial in regard to my picture which was damaged while on exhibition in the Arts Building.

I hardly believe that such behavior comes from a student in a modern school of education. However, if the culprit can not be discovered, we can only go on exposing the ignorance and stupidity of their conduct by such means as your editorial, in the hope that he or she may in future desist from such practices.

Sincerely,
DOROTHY HAZELL WILLIS.

Editor, The Gateway.

Dear Sir,—Each year, at the time of final examinations, some students make mistakes which could be avoided. It occurs to me that if notice is drawn to such "howlers" in The Gateway their number might be reduced during April, 1941. For this reason some of the regular occurrences are mentioned here:

(1) **Misreading of the time-table**, e.g., at about a quarter to two on a given day a student dashes into the Registrar's office to ask what he (or she) can do: "I put down Archaeology 75 for this afternoon, whereas it was written this morning." The moral, of course, is, "Read the time-table carefully."

(2) **Failure to scan the seating-lists**: There are certain courses where the final examination is written in Athabasca gymnasium, as well as in Convocation Hall, Room 236 Arts, or the common room (Arts 132). Seating lists showing the distribution of students to these various rooms are posted 24 hours in advance, close to the main library entrance. In spite of this, at about one minute to nine a student will report to the supervisor in Convocation Hall that some one is occupying his or her seat. Inves-

Domei, Japanese news agency, in a radio broadcast from Tokyo disclosed test flights are in progress for a Japanese trans-Equatorial airline between Japan and Portuguese Timor, only 400 miles north of Australia. Domei said the four-engined flying boat Murakumo, making the fourth test flight, took off from Palau in the Japanese south seas mandated islands on a 1,560-mile non-stop flight to Dili, capital of the Portuguese colony.

Prof., dictating—"In came Caesar, on his head his helmet, on his back his armour, and on his feet his sandals."

Freshman, poor in punctuation, submitted the following: "In came Caesar on his head, his helmet on his back, his armour on his feet, his sandals."

tigation usually shows that the complaine should be in Athabasca gymnasium. He or she is probably in poor condition to write an examination upon arrival there.

(3) **Lateness**: The doors of examination halls are opened five minutes before the examination is due to commence. They are closed at nine o'clock or two o'clock, and remain locked for fifteen minutes. Late comers are then admitted, providing they arrive by 9:30 a.m. or 2:30 p.m. No candidate is admitted after these times.

A point which might be mentioned is the question of illness. Some students, suddenly taken ill, feel that they must write final examinations at all costs. They drag themselves to the Hall, do badly, perhaps aggravate their condition, and cause acute embarrassment to all concerned. A student should always follow the advice of his medical adviser. The examination hall is the last place on earth for a person who is below par.

In closing, may I urge every examination candidate to read the regulations governing examinations before commencing to write.

Thanking you for your courtesy, I am, sir,
Your faithfully,
G. B. TAYLOR,
Assistant Registrar.

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THEATRE DIRECTORY

STRAND—Tues., Wed., Thurs., Mar. 25, 26, 27—Alice Faye and Betty Grable in "Tin Pan Alley," and Marjorie Weaver in "Murder Among Friends." Mar. 28, 29, 31, Fri., Sat., Mon.—Gracie Fields in "Queen of Hearts."

EMPRESS—Wed., Thurs., Fri., Mar. 26, 27, 28—Bette Davis in "Dark Victory," and James Cagney and Pat O'Brien in "Angels With Dirty Faces." Mar. 29, 31, April 1, Sat., Mon., Tues.—Dennis O'Keefe in "Pride of the Bowery," and William Boyd in "In Old Colorado."

PRINCESS—Wed., Thurs., Fri., Mar. 26, 27, 28—James Cagney and Ann Sheridan in "Torrid Zone," and William Lundigan in "Case of the Black Parrot." Sat., Mon., Tues., Mar. 29, 31, April 1—Bette Davis and Charles Boyer in "All This and Heaven Too," and (Special Attraction), Cavalcade of Academy Awards and Laurel and Hardy Comedy, "Oliver the 8th."

CAPITOL—Sat., Mon., Tues., Mar. 22, 24, 25—"Comrade X," Clark Gable and Hedy Lemarr. Wed., Thurs., Fri., Mar. 26, 27, 28—"Footsteps in the Dark," Errol Flynn and Brenda Marshall. Coming soon, "Kitty Foyle."

VARSCONA—April 2, 3, 4—"Castle on the Hudson," also "My Love Came Back." April 5, 7, 8—"Mortal Storm" and "Hotel For Women."

RIALTO—Held over until Saturday—Charlie Chaplin in "The Great Dictator."

GARNEAU—Mar. 27, 28, 29—Sir Harry Lauder will creep into the heart of every Scotsman in "Song of the Road"; also Errol Flynn in "Four's a Crowd," and "Going Places." Mar. 31, April 1, 2, Mon., Tues., Wed.—"Robin Hood" and "Music in My Heart."

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JEANETTE MACDONALD,
NELSON EDDY in

"New Moon"

Also Shorts

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IRENE DUNNE, CHARLES

BOYER in

"LOVE AFFAIR"

Added Feature
"ISLE OF DESTINY"

GARNEAU Theatre

Thurs., Fri. and Sat.
Mar. 27, 28, 29

Sir Harry Lauder will creep into the hearts of every Scotsman in

"Song of the Road"

Also

ERROL FLYNN in

"FOUR'S A CROWD"

and

"GOING PLACES"

Mon., Tues., Wed.

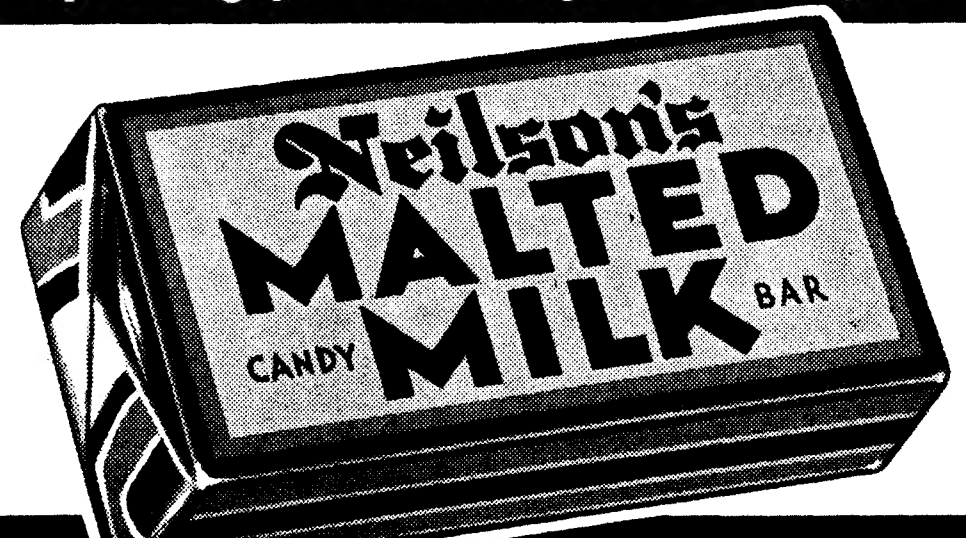
Mar. 31, April 1, 2

"Robin Hood"

and

"Music In My Heart"

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My present financial condition is due to the effects of dominion laws, provincial laws, municipal laws, county laws, corporation laws, liquor laws, traffic laws, by-laws, brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, mothers-in-law and outlaws, all of which have been foisted upon an unsuspecting public.

Through these laws, I am compelled to pay a business tax, sales tax, amusement tax, gas tax, school tax, water tax, excess tax, auto tax, and syn-tax.

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I am also requested and required to contribute to every society and organization which the inventive genius of man is capable of bringing into life; to the Near East Relief, the Women's Relief, the Unemployment Relief and the Gold Digger's Home; also every hospital and every charitable institution in the city; the Red Cross, the Black Cross, the White Cross, the Purple Cross and the Double Cross.

For my own safety, I am required to carry life insurance, liability insurance, burglary insurance, property damage insurance, rent insurance, fire insurance, compensation insurance, accident insurance, collision insurance, rain insurance, hail insurance and business insurance.

The government has now so governed my business that it is no easy matter for me to find out who owes it. I am inspected, examined, informed, required, summoned, fined, commanded until all I know is that I am supposed to provide an inexhaustible supply of money for every known need, desire or hope of the human race, and simply because I refuse to donate to each and all and to go out and beg, borrow or steal money to give away, I am cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to, lied about, held up, held down and robbed until I am nearly ruined.

I can honestly tell you, sir, that failing a miracle, you won't be paid just now, and the only reason I am holding on to life, is simply just to see what in hell is coming next.

Yours respectfully,
JOHN DOE.

TEA AT OLIVIER'S

We shall have tea at Olivier's and eat
patisserie française
served by a waitress
in blue dress,
white apron,
and white cap.

We shall sip hot tea and chat about
the Battle of Britain,
the latest German move,
our men,
our lovers,
and our hopes.

We shall drink tea,
while bombs tear out the hearts
of twisted men;
We shall eat
patisserie française
while they are tasting
Death.

—The Mitre.

Overheard in the blackout: "Mm
mm! Nplon, eh?"

RECOMMENDATION FOR SPORTS

The Superstition of Sports

By
Gilbert
Keith

We are at war. I am not surprised. Strife has been an inherent part of our life from childhood—indeed, from that first day when society pounced on our home and proceeded, willy-nilly, to educate us. Organized games were, from the first, thrust upon us by our teachers and by our elders. In these contentions for superiority, these physical activities with definite rules, set time, and imposed conditions, it was supposed that we would find dignity, courtesy, respect, in a word, manhood. Every day we were led on to a field where, in company with some of our fellows, we would, with rivalry, attempt to outstrip and defeat others. On memorable days a picked group would play against another school. At such times "school spirit" was deliberately aroused, the team visibly basked in the genial warmth of public attention, and the opposing school was subjected to scorn and considered a thing apart. These contests for emulation were mock wars—but it is we who were mocked. Perversions of mind had men and women subduing the freedom of children, taming their perennial freshness of spirit, lessening their individuality. This misguiding of youth must be corrected. It would be bad enough if this were only a troublesome period, like adolescence, through which children had to pass—as though it were a sort of preparatory purgatory to ma-

turity. But organized games, and the spirit created by them, persist throughout life. We never seem to grow up. "In devising brainless amusements, in pursuing them with enormous vigour, and taking them with eager seriousness we are the wonder of the world."

Ingredients of war are here; the spirits of conflict, of glory, of discipline, of ostracism, spewings all of depravity, manifest themselves. Civilization, if it is to save and maintain itself, must abolish war. These two terms are general, but we know that civilization can be good and that war is bad. The reduction of war and the threat of war to nothing must begin with a direct attack on specific causes. I believe that we can reduce the atavistic spirit of conflict, still vestigial in man. First it is necessary to slough off this sentimentalism that has us believing our present organized games are worth while. If we are to abolish war, we must not create men whose spirit is warlike. We need a clear vision to let us know what we are actually doing, to realize that the result of our activities depends on those activities themselves and upon the spirit in which we undertake them. Let us strive then to direct this misplaced energy into channels of individual endeavors—I recommend skating, hiking, and swimming.

Man must transform himself; this will be the beginning of a way.

CKUA

University of Alberta, 580 Kilocycles
Mountain Standard Time

Wednesday, March 26—

11:30—Music and program resume.
11:45—News, CBC.
12:00—Symphonic Excerpts.
12:30—Farm Broadcast, CBC.
1:00—Waltzes New and Old.
1:15—Spring Livestock Problems.
1:30—Violin Virtuosi.
2:00—Shop to Save, CBC.
2:15—School Broadcast: Elementary Singing, CJOQ-CFCN-CKUA.
2:45—Presenting, CBC.
3:00—Serenade for Strings, CBC.
3:55—Commentary on the News, CBC.
4:00—Adventure Bound With Dick.
4:15—Dinner Music.
4:30—Symphony Hour: Tone Poems and Shorter Works.
7:30—Canadians All, CBC.
8:00—News, CBC.

Thursday, March 27

11:30—Music and Program resume.
11:45—News, CBC.
12:00—Musical Medley.
12:30—Farm Broadcast, CBC.
1:00—Instrumental.
1:15—Junior Farm Forum, CKUA-CJCF.
1:30—Your Home and You, CKUA-CJCF.
1:45—Music.
2:00—School Broadcast: Social Studies, CFCN-CKUA.
2:15—Masters of the Piano.
2:45—People in Funny Jobs, CBC.
3:00—Citizens All, CBC.
3:55—Commentary on the News, CBC.
4:00—Dinner Music.
4:30—Symphony Hour: Master Works.
7:30—"Interlude," Elizabeth Reynolds Jones.
7:45—"Let's Be Scientific," Dr. E. Gowan.
8:00—News, CBC.
8:15—Building For the Future, H. B. Mayo.

Friday, March 28—

11:30—Music and Program resume.
11:45—News, CBC.
12:00—Conductor's Corner.
12:30—Farm Broadcast, CBC.
1:00—Familiar Favorites.
1:15—Hotbeds and Small Greenhouses: J. S. Shoemaker, CKUA-CJCF.
1:30—Listener's Scrapbook, A. M. Carpenter, CKUA-CJCF.
1:45—Music.
2:00—School Broadcast: Music Appreciation, CFCN-CKUA.
2:30—Music.
2:45—Presenting, CBC.
3:00—Toronto Symphony Band, CBC.
3:55—Commentary on the News, CBC.
4:00—Dinner Music.
4:30—Symphony Hour: Requests.
8:00—News, CBC.

Saturday, March 29—

11:30—Music and program resume.
11:45—News, CBC.
12:00—Metropolitan Opera, CBC.

THRENODY OF THE NATIONS

We have hated and fought;
We have murdered and fled,
But the peace that we sought
Is alone with the dead.

We have offered ourselves
On the altar of greed;
We have poisoned our sons
With our venomous creed.

We have bombed and destroyed;
We have raped and diseased,
Till the earth has grown dark
With our war-obsequies.

We have sung our wild song
in the ghoul's jubilee,
And, O Christ, once again
We have crucified Thee.
—The Mitre.

A family living in a suburb of Melbourne, finding the usual notices on the gate ineffective in discouraging hawkers and canvassers, replaced them with the following one:

"Beware of the Agapanthus! If attacked, do not run but walk slowly backwards."
Reported 100 per cent. efficient.

Much Ado About Nothing

By QUEENA WERSHOF

In our first column last fall we presented a parody on "If." In this, our last column of the year, by a strange coincidence, we are again presenting a parody on "If," written this time for the people of England. We hope you like it.

"If you can keep yourself from going crackers,
From all the things that you are told to do,
When Hitler sends along his air attackers,
With squibs and bombs to try to frighten you;
If you can hear that hellish banshee warning,
Without that sinking feeling in your breast;
If you can sleep in dugouts till the morning,
And never feel you ought to have more rest;
If you can laugh at every blackout stumble,
Nor murmur when you cannot find a pub;
If you can eat your rations and not grumble,
About the wicked price you pay for grub;
If you can keep depression down to zero,
And view it all as just a bit of fun,
Then, sir, you'll be a ruddy hero,
And, what is more, you'll be the only one."

By the way, did you hear about the actor who decided to give up his career, became a doctor, and in a short while was achieving a great deal of success?

One day he was performing an operation for appendicitis, and, as usual, the operating theatre was filled with students.

The operation was performed so successfully that, at the end, the students broke into loud applause. The old actor spirit returned, and the surgeon, after bowing his appreciation, hurried back—and removed the patient's tonsils as an encore!

Our apologies, Mr. Casserole Editor—we just couldn't help it.

Every time we are feeling on top of the world somebody or other appears with a "deflatingo-fact." For instance, yesterday a chap leered at us and casually remarked on the fact that only five cents worth of iodine in our thyroid gland stood between us and idiocy. A nickel's worth of iodine—not very much to be proud of, what?

Now that the year is almost over, some of the Fresh are taking great delight in telling stories on themselves, of when they were young and innocent.

It would seem that on registration day some of the Seniors took one of the Freshies to Tuck. To say that she was excited about going to Tuck for the first time is putting it mildly. She was literally bubbling over. The others all ordered cokes. As our heroine opened her mouth to follow suit, the waitress sweetly, asked, "Milk, dearie?"

Then there was the inevitable Freshman who in the last five minutes devoted to questions in the Math lecture, asked, "Is this the Physics room?" The professor not only answered in the negative, but

also "gently" showed him the door and gave him full and detailed directions to his destination.

And, of course, there just had to be one of those bright young things who around December shyly asks, "Please, sir, just what is this course all about, anyway?"

Last column. We'd like to thank those of you who made contributions to Much Ado. They were really appreciated very much. We'd also like to thank our one reader (or is it two?) who made such kind remarks about the column, and those, too, who were frank enough to offer criticisms.

Last column. We wish we had a magic pen that would help us express what a grand year it has been in spite of exams 'n essays, and not enough sleep. Instead we wish all of you who are going out into the "wide, wide world" the best that life holds, and for you who return another year, rich in friends and good times, and even better marks—and good luck to all of you in the finals.

From one of our faithful contributors comes this final and happy thought:

"Come what will, and come what may,
Here's the door of a brand-new day.
Here I am with my pilgrim load,
Off once more on the wonder-road.
Yesterday's track went with the night,
Tomorrow's trail is hid from sight.
Yea sure am I, as I can be,
Today holds something sweet for me."

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for

Graduation!
Glamour!

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HUMANITY AND SOCIALISM

The Doctor

By
J. R.
Washburn

I can sort of sympathize with the old boy, because I was in the waiting-room of his office at the clinic trying to see him to sell him some insurance when the thing happened that set him off.

A woman came in looking pretty sick, and asked if this was the free clinic and could she see the doctor. He used to run a free clinic every Wednesday afternoon. I put her age at about fifty, but kept cutting it down. She looked not so much old as sort of worn out. You know how these poor women are; after they get to be thirty-five, they all look the same and you can't tell how old they are. Nobody said anything, and she sat down kind of timidly on the bench beside me. It was then that I noticed her fists were clenched so hard the knuckles were white as bones and her lower lip was all chewed to hell.

The nurse was just bringing her over to the doc's door when in bust Mrs. Warburton. You know, the big broker's wife, all dressed up like a picture in "Vogue" and stinking of dollar-a-drop perfume. She's no spring chicken, I'll bet, but you might think she was twenty-five if it weren't that her corsets made her backside look sort of square. She says she must see the doctor immediately, and pushes by the nurse and the old woman.

"No private patients today, Mrs. Warburton," the nurse says, trying to stop her.

This makes her let go of the old woman, and she collapses on the floor, cold. Mrs. Warburton never even looked back, but walked right in on the doc. As we were laying the old woman out on the bench, I could hear Mrs. Warburton giving the doc a piece of her mind.

"I'm a sick woman," she was squawking. "I have headaches every so often, and I'm not well. For months you have been telling me

there is nothing wrong. I guess I ought to know whether I'm sick or not. I'm fed up with you, and I'm going down to the Mayos, and I just thought I'd let you know."

Then the doc opened the door for her, and she flounced out with her nose in the air. I'm no softy, but she made me pretty mad. The old girl on the bench sure was sick, and I was thinking that the price of one of Mrs. Warburton's ear-rings would solve a lot of her problems. The doc's voice shook a little when he called for the next patient.

The old woman was awake now and wanted to walk in, but the nurse and I carried her. When I went outside again I left the door open a bit so I could hear what was wrong with her.

She told the doc she had had a bad pain in her side for about two months. When he asked her why she hadn't come before, she said that her husband was away looking for work and she had to look after the kids. Four kids she had to cook and wash for and mind, the doc found out, and she kept a vegetable garden to help feed them, along with the relief money. She hadn't time to come, she said, but this morning when she bent over the wash-tub, the pain got so bad she had to come. She finished the washing, fed the kids at noon, then came downtown to the clinic.

I guess the doc had a look at her, because the next thing was a gasp from him.

"My God!" he said, "it's a hernia. Look, nurse, a hernia as big as my fist!" His voice got sort of soft. "The pain," he said, "it must have been horrible!"

It was just after that that the doc went off the deep end. Gave up his good practice, moved down to the east end of town and started making those radical speeches. Funny, you don't often see a socialist doctor.

which never set on an empire at peace will never set on an empire at war. They'll Never Quit.—Harvey Klemmer's new book.

Yet there are times when hope for the future, as well as contrition over past misdeeds, must be subordinated to the urgent, immediate task. In this instance, the immediate task is the defeat of Nazi tyranny. If this task does not engage us, both our repentance and our hope become luxuries in which we indulge while other men save us from an intolerable fate, or while our inaction betrays into disaster a cause to which we owe allegiance.—Christianity and Crisis.

The British people know how grave are the issues that are at stake, and how truly these issues will determine whether the people of Europe are to live their lives as free men or be held in bondage for

a generation.—Lord Halifax in Lord Lloyd's "The British Case."

The European conception of freedom derives directly from Christianity. Even Greece and Rome were slave civilizations. . . . The Church challenged not the military power, but the moral authority of Caesarism. . . . Slavery decayed. . . . The Roman Empire dissolved. The new age began. Very slowly at first, but with gathering impetus, the modern world began to take shape, as nation after nation consolidated its independence and so was able to offer to its citizens the opportunities of freedom. Freedom spread slowly downward. . . . It is the will of Germany to impose her domination. . . . and . . . would cause the same kind of war, under another name, in the unified Europe of Mr. Wells's dream, in the Federated Europe of the Pan-European dream, and in the League of Europe of Lord Cecil's dream. If, by the grace of God, a heartfelt wish for peace exists at the end of the war, some formula for effective international co-operation will be found and acted upon so long as the heartfelt wish remains. But once the wish which fathered the thought perishes, peace will perish. It is in the minds and hearts of men that the foundations of peace have to be laid and preserved. Men will only keep peace in their hearts if their own land is free, and if among their own people, they are members of a free society. Whatever, therefore, our dream or vision of the new European order, its essential foundation is the restoration of national freedom. That, because we are working for peace, is our cause, and for that cause we fight to the end. This is no war for frontiers, but for the life and faith and hopes of millions of men and women. The late Lord Lloyd in "The British Case."

Much nonsense has been talked, both here and in Germany, about the Treaty of Versailles. The Germans pretend . . . there are many people in this country who, without having studied the question seriously, are under the impression that the Paris Conference imposed by force what in fact were "Carthaginian terms." Such people attribute all our subsequent misfortunes to the malignity and folly of the Versailles negotiators. This is incorrect. It is inaccurate as to the past, and unimaginative as to the future. . . . There was a time when England was divided into seven separate states, each passionately jealous of its own rights and privileges. England only became a peaceful and progressive power when these seven states fused into one. Each of them surrendered something for the good of the whole. . . . We should achieve a world which is worth fighting for. A world without conceit or cruelty, without greed and lies. If Hitler triumphs, then such a world will be impossible for many generations. It is Britain alone that can create the United States of Europe. Did I believe that this war were no more than a ghastly episode provoked by the unstable vanity of a single man, then indeed I should surrender to despair, knowing that the ensuing peace would also be no more than an episode. It is because I am convinced that this war, as it develops, will assume gigantic proportions, that I believe that the final settlement will also be gigantic. Because of that faith I face the future with sorrow, with resolution, but without fear.—Harold Nicolson, "Why Britain Is At War."

As the Commonwealth of Nations we march shoulder to shoulder in battle, and as the Commonwealth of Nations we march shoulder to shoulder in this deeper struggle until the larger victory is finally won.—Daphne du Maurier, "Come Wind Come Weather."

Officials of the British Technical Mission in Ottawa said it was "very probable" that James Crone, an adviser to the mission, will leave Ottawa soon to conduct a survey of manufacturing plants in British Columbia. "We are working very closely with the department of munitions and supply," an official said. "It is very probable Mr. Crone will look over British Columbia plants."

The Spanish government has made a posthumous award of the Cross of Military Merit with Red Ribbon to Edward J. Neil, Jr., Associated Press War correspondent, who was killed in line of duty during the Spanish Civil War. Neil was injured fatally by an artillery shell while on his way to the front lines with other correspondents during severe fighting near the village of Caude. He died Jan. 1, 1938.

Toronto detectives said they were investigating the origin of a circular sent to a Detroit organization in an effort to harm Canada's tourist trade. They said the circular had been returned to authorities in Toronto. It contained a warning to tourists to stay away from Canada and referred to the internment of J. A. Sullivan of the Canadian Seaman's union and Alderman Jacob Penner of Winnipeg, police said.

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Choose from plain back . . . half-belted models with raglan or set-in sleeves. Tailored from imported all wool novelty tweeds, Donegals, velours, gabardines and genuine Harris tweeds, etc., in smart checks, invisible plaids and smart mixtures and plain grey, teal blue and green. Sizes 35 to 46. Priced at \$17.50, \$29.50, \$25.00, \$29.50 and \$35.00

'Top' Your New Easter 'Topper' with a 'Kensington' or 'Stetson'
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Of course, you would not think of wearing a WINTER HAT with a new EASTER TOPPER—any more than you would a WINTER COAT with an EASTER HAT!

The new "Kensington's" and "Stetson's" once again show the trend of Spring fashions. Mostly snap brim styles of fine fur felt in teal blues, browns, greys, firtree greens and smoke. Satin lined and unlined. Sizes 6 1/2 to 7 1/2. Priced at \$4.00 and \$6.00



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When you buy RITCHIE Shoes you get both STYLE and COMFORT plus long service! Ritchie Shoes are made up to a standard and not DOWN to a price!

OXFORDS of extra fine quality black and brown calf . . . and black kid.

BROGUES of excellent quality calf leathers. Goodyear welt soles, half rubber or solid leather heels. Widths A to E. Sizes 6 to 12. Exceptional value. Priced at \$6.00 and \$6.50

"Ritchie" Prop-r-arch Oxfords and Brogues at \$8.00

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and put her into a kitchen equipped
with a modern Gas Range.

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I Record The Naval War

A Survey of the Second World War On the High Seas

K. BARTLETT

Since the outbreak of war, I have kept a personal record of the war at sea. I have gathered my information chiefly from the communiqués issued by the British Admiralty, and certainly none from the Wilhelmstrasse in Berlin. As we know the naval war has not been generally spectacular, but has been a matter of blockade and counter-blockade; however, there have been incidents and skirmishes and even battles worthy of note. Sea power has not been seriously menaced by the tremendous air power; but on the contrary, has by proper application enhanced the worth of the navy. Of course the airplane has been able to sink ships, but not enough ships to matter. The relative position of world sea powers will not, according to present indications, be decisively affected by the spectre of the bomber in the sky.

The battleship is supposed to be the king of the seas. The rest of the navy is built around the capital ships. At the outbreak of war, Britain had 15 such vessels, Germany had 2, plus 3 pocket battleships, France had 7 capital ships and Italy had about 5 such ships. Today Britain's battle fleet is the unchallenged mistress of the seas of the world. Germany lost out in the Graf Spee incident of December, 1939, and also was deprived of from one third to one-half of her navy in the Norwegian campaign of last spring. Italy has experienced the humbling of seeing her warships being chased out of "Mare Nostrum." Even her ports have proved unsafe for her craft. Witness what happened at Taranto when Mussolini saw at least three of his proud "men of war" put out of action by the British fleet air arm. Britain's only battleship casualty came in October of 1939 when she lost the Royal Oak to the German submarine commander Priam, when he penetrated the defences of Scapa Flow. By now the Germans may have one or two of the new Bismarks (battleships) finished. The first indication that Britain's new superdreadnaughts of the 35,000-ton class were completed came last week when the King George V arrived in the United States bearing Lord Halifax, the new ambassador, to his post at Washington. With the addition of these battleships of the King George V class and another group of the 40,000-ton Lion class, now under construction, Britain will be able to cope with any and every contingency.

Next to the battleships, cruisers are the most powerful ships of the navy. They combine part of the fire-power of the dreadnaught with some of the mobility of a destroyer. In the words of Jellicoe, the cruisers "form the backbone of the navy."

Britain started the war with more than sixty cruisers—far more than any other world power. To date she has lost only a few ships of this class. Of these only one, the Southampton, was a heavy cruiser. This vessel was one of the few to fall prey to aircraft bombs. Both Germany and Italy have lost a number of cruisers, perhaps a combined total of eight or ten or conceivably more. British cruisers have sustained wounds in this conflict, such as the Berwick and Liverpool, but they were by no means mortal. Despite the fact that Britain has more cruisers than any other nation, she still has an insufficient number to adequately carry on the vast task of the navy all over the world. No greater praise can be said of the cruiser than was invoked after the three cruisers, Achilles, Ajax and Exeter, defeated the German pocket battleship, Graf Spee a year ago last December.

The destroyers do the dirty work of the navy. They have approximately the role in the navy that the cavalry has in the army. Britain started the war with 215 destroyers. Although this may seem like a large number, it is far too few, especially since the spread of the war to the Mediterranean Sea. To date Britain has lost some 33 destroyers, of which about a half-dozen were lost during the Norwegian campaign and slightly more were accounted for at the evacuation of Dunkerque. Undoubtedly there would have been an acute shortage of these fast little "men of war" had it not been for one thing—the acquisition of 50 old-age American destroyers in the "destroyer for naval base deal" concluded between the United States and Great Britain. These old American ships, although admittedly not good enough for the battle fleet, are splendid for convoy duty and anti-submarine work. Not only that, they substitute for the better vessels, thus generally improving the condition of the whole navy.

The performance of the aircraft has been noteworthy. It is indeed singular that the British have been the only ones to make use of this comparatively new addition to naval strategy. It is quite true that many naval experts expected the aircraft carrier to be the lame duck of this war. At the outset of this conflict it looked as though the prophecies of these skeptics would come true, especially since the aircraft carrier Courageous was sunk 15 days after war was declared. A sister ship, the Glorious, was lost in the Norwegian campaign. What has since happened at Taranto has demonstrated the worth of the aircraft carrier beyond the shadow of a doubt. Since this type of vessel offers a broad target to hostile bombers, it is only natural that it should run a greater chance

"That Wicked British Empire--"

From "The Mitre"

A communication published on Feb. 1 in the New York Herald-Tribune under the title of "What An Empire" has come to the attention of the Mitre, and it was considered worthy of publication. The communication consists mainly of an article written by Miss Emily Bax, secretary at the American embassy in London for 12 years, which appeared in The Outpost, an American magazine which is published in London. The article, entitled "That Wicked British Empire," follows:

1. That wicked British Empire insisted on settling the Alabama claims by arbitration.
2. It followed the same policy in 1895 about Venezuela.
3. It gave the defeated Boers so crafty a peace that the poor deluded fools fought to stay inside the empire only a decade later.
4. Its leaders rashly warned the Versailles Peace Conference of the danger of harsh terms to Germany.
5. It cruelly gave southern Ireland "dominion status" shown by this war to mean complete independence.
6. It stupidly presented India with economic independence so that India now excludes British goods by a stiff hostile tariff and by bounties upon Indian production.
7. It had possession of Egypt and Iraq and bungled things so badly that both are now free.
8. In the Ottawa agreement, which shut Germany out of some of its markets, it had the presumption to copy our protective tariff wall.
9. It offers India self-government as soon as Hindu and Moslem will

of being hit than other types of vessels; hence we recently heard that the illustrious was damaged by German dive bombers in the Mediterranean Sea.

In all probability our British Navy will maintain its supremacy of the sea. Its task is like that of no other navy, for it must police half the world. Arrayed against the British preponderance of surface craft is the Axis U-boat threat. Joining the submarine in its destruction of shipping around the British Isles is the warplane. In winter-time the U-boat operations must be lessened considerably owing to heavy winter seas; hence we may notice that shipping losses have been much smaller lately. It is to be hoped that against increased German pressure next spring, Britain will feel sufficiently strong in the Mediterranean to withdraw ships to the Atlantic. At any rate, Britain will need every ship she can muster to convoy increased American aid to her shores. In conclusion, it seems to be evident that the British Navy will not only be able to defend Britain, but will also be the protector of three continents: Africa, and the two Americas.

come to a working agreement. 10. It treated the Arabs so brutally that the minute the war broke out the Arabs took advantage of a pre-occupied Britain to make a truce with the Palestinian Jews.

11. It still has a naive faith in religion, democracy and the right of minorities.

12. It is deluded enough to think right-at-a-distance worth defending.

13. It has not the wit to shoot, or at least imprison, its conscientious objectors. In many cases they are carrying on at their old jobs.

14. It missed its chance to close down Parliament. That windbag institution is still functioning.

15. It is so simple that it tells the truth about its losses in air battles, as our own observers in Britain testify.

16. It refuses to use naval bases in Eire which has been in its hands for centuries and which would be an enormous help against U-boats and raiders. It allows a vital part of its tiny island to contract out of any struggle for survival, because Eire wishes it. It swears to its own hurt and changes not.

What a country! No wonder Dr. Goebbels gibes at it!

EMIL BAX.

New York, Jan. 31, 1941.

S.C.M. Planning Camp for Week Between Final Examinations and Army Training

Theme of the conversation in Arts Rotunda these days seems to be "A month from today I'll be through." For the girls, the rest of the summer is their own. For many of the boys there will be military camp about the beginning of May. For the week between exams and military training there is the S.C.M. camp. The date fixed for the Spring Camp this year is from April 25 to 30, the campers to return to Edmonton on the afternoon of the 30th. Those leaving for military camp will be back in time.

Camp will again be at Fallis on Lake Wabamun, 50 miles west of Edmonton on the Jasper highway. Special arrangements can be made regarding transportation for those writing exams on the 25th. Cost of the full six days' camp, including transportation, is \$6.00. For part-time campers the charge is \$1.00 a day plus transportation.

An interesting program of hikes, boating, dancing, discussion, and music has been arranged. Discussion groups and addresses will be held in the morning, leaving the afternoons free for baseball, volleyball, hikes, or just lazing around.

Theme for discussion is, "God in These Times." An especially able

group of leaders has been invited. The chief leader will be Arnold Nash, London, England, an author, traveller and lecturer, who has spent the past two years in New York, California and Yale University.

Hugh MacMillan, of Toronto, the National Secretary, who recently returned from the Orient, will also lead discussion. Horace Buhkholder, Vancouver, Young People's Field Secretary of the United Church, Bob Tillman, Lacombe, former S.C.M. Secretary at U.B.C. and a graduate of Alberta, Frank Harback, Calgary, Leader of the Young People's Conference in Calgary last summer, Canon Gower, Christ Church, Edmonton, and Dr. A. D. Miller, St. Stephen's College, are among the other leaders.

Topics for discussion are: Right or Wrong in an Age of Confusion; After the War—What?; The World Christian Community; The Christian and the Nation; Christian Youth Leadership; A Study in Paul.

This camp is open to all University students, graduate, or faculty member.

For further information inquire of Helen Warnock, Pembina, Bob Henderson, Assiniboia, or at Arts 152.

SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS

(A Weekly Analysis by)
MIKE ROWSCOPE

At this time of year, with all the major social events behind us, and all the major academic events before us, campus news copy hits an all-time low. But of importance to the campus in general and the Meds in particular, is the forthcoming publication of the Medical Undergraduate Society.

Until the day that this issue appears for distribution, Alberta will have been the only medical school in Canada without a formal organ of expression. To remedy this situation has been the purpose of M.U.S.

More than merely falling in line, such a publication provides the opportunity for training and practice in the proper methods of writing reports and analyses, a practice it is felt sadly lacking in the west.

A still more powerful purpose in this publication and in justification of its birth, if such there need be, is the fact that it will provide a medium for class expression. In cases of it being the desire of the class that changes be made in the curricula or manner of presentation of a specific course, it is assured by the faculty adviser to M.U.S. that

such an expression would meet a receptive body. We now begin to see the value of the reorganization that took place in 1940—and look forward to its proper development.

Talking about exams, the Med Library is still the same old place. Men sit down to read their text. We know they simply must; But when the co-ed enters next, All eyes gaze on her—boldly!

In more serious vein, it had been suggested at a meeting of recent date, that ways and means be found for keeping the library open for study at the noon hour and during evenings.

It is intolerable that students should be required to forego one complete hour's study before noon, because of the soft reminder that the Librarian's 11:30 lunch hour (and one-half) has now arrived. Any number of students are available who will undertake the responsibility, for little or no remuneration, of overseeing the library room from 11:30 until 1:00.

For that matter, almost the same arrangements could be surely made for three hours in evening. The point being that under the present set-up, full advantage of library facilities are not at the disposal of the medical students. Attention, Mr. President!

Lass—Does this lipstick come off easily?
Clerk—Not if you put up a convincing fight.

He (pointing out rest of team)—That's Joe; he's our best man.
She—Oh, this is so sudden!

They sat side by side in the moonlight,
She murmured as she smoothed his brow:
"Darling, I know that my life's been fast,
But I'm on my last lap now."

BADMINTON CLUB

All badminton players, and all those who are planning on playing next season, are requested to attend a meeting in Arts 135 on Thursday afternoon, March 27, at 4:30 p.m. This will be the annual meeting of the club, and the election of officers for next season will be carried out. The election is being held in the spring this year at the request of the Men's Athletic Board. A large attendance is needed at this meeting to insure the success of the organization next year.

Note: The secretary-treasurer will redeem all tokens this week only—from March 23 to March 30 inclusive. This will be your only chance to get value for them.

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Here's another U. of A. alumnus who has made good. He is James P. McCormick, who entered this University in the fall of 1928, taking the old first year Arts course. In his third year here he made his best marks in Psychology, English and Classics in Literature. He took his M.A. and Ph.D. degrees at Northwestern University, specializing in English. Then he took a bicycle trip through Europe and Asia, stopping at youth hostels. He later wrote a series of articles about these hostels. Later he received a teaching appointment at Elburg University in Teheran, Persia (Iran). Now, at thirty years of age, he is teaching English at Wayne University in Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A.

To top this off he has written a book, a biography of Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning. The book is called "As a Flame Springs," published by Scribners of New York.

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Athletic Heads Pledge Full Programme of Intervarsity Sport Next Term If Possible

WILLOX, MOSCOVICH STATE STAND

Plan Extension Women's Sport

In interviews with The Gateway Monday morning, Marg Willox and Sam Moscovich, heads respectively of the Women's Athletic Association and of the Men's Athletic Board, went on record as favoring as full a resumption of intercollegiate athletics as is possible under present conditions.

Mr. Moscovich stressed the need for early organization of all branches of athletic endeavor on the campus this spring, in order that next term's activities can get under way with a minimum of delay.

NOTICE

Applications will be received for the position of Manager of Senior Rugby for 1941-42. Submit applications to Don Johnston, President of Rugby, at the Students' Union Office, before March 28.

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To facilitate this policy, applications for a number of important positions are being called for this week.

In regard to intercollegiate sport, Mr. Moscovich said: "It will be my aim to restore to this campus all intercollegiate sports which in previous years played such a dominant part in student activity. With this end in view, we propose to correspond with the three other Western Canadian Universities to obtain their views concerning a resumption of a full program of intercollegiate athletics."

However, he stressed the fact that the possible resumption of a full program of intervarsity competition would not in any way overshadow the highly-organized interfaculty leagues which are already functioning on the campus. "We feel, if the Board co-operates in the same manner as last year's executive, that the continuance of such activities will go along unhampered," Sam said.

He concluded: "It will be the aim of the Board to co-operate to the fullest extent with Mr. Fritz, and we only hope that next year's athletic program will prove to be as successful as that of previous years."

Forecasting an increase in women's intramural athletics, Miss Willox released tentative details of the intramural program for next term.

"This year," said the president of the Women's Athletic Association, "more girls have participated in intramural athletics than ever before, and it is our aim to get every girl on the campus interested in some sport." She pointed out that girls should choose from golf, track, tennis, badminton, basketball, volleyball, archery, swimming and skiing.

Suggest New Varsity Hockey Organization For Coming Term

AFFILIATION WITH C.A.L. MOOTED

Propose New Rugby Set-up

Hard work and enthusiasm on the part of executives have brought to this campus one of the best athletic programs of its history, considering the handicaps encountered. Next year, however, athletes will be operating under the same hazards, and the experience gained this year should serve them in good stead when they come to negotiate intercollegiate and interfaculty schedules.

Beginning the 1941-42 term, the students will find their intercollegiate activities limited because of attendance requirements for military training. Another situation which must be accepted is the loss of our covered rink for hockey games.

With the idea of improvement in mind, various suggestions have been gathered from different athletic executives regarding the different sports.

Hockey had a very unsuccessful season this year. If they had been in a definite league, however, the result would have been different. As there was no city intermediate league, and the Central Alberta League could not allow them in their loop because of high travelling expenses, the Bears just played exhibition games whenever they could get them, and interest lagged. Next winter it would seem we should try to arrange for a city intermediate league before the season starts, and, if this fails, arrange a system with the Central Alberta League which would cut down the expenses. This could be done by entering two teams from Edmonton with the six teams now in the league, and divide the league into two divisions of four teams each. Each division would have its own schedule, and the winners of each division would then play off for the championship. For the University team it would be best, however, to play in a city intermediate league, composed of perhaps two privately sponsored teams, one army team, and one air force team. Intercollegiate hockey schedules would have to be arranged early so that each University would be sure of being able to rent a covered rink to play their games in.

Football will take some careful handling next fall. Providing Saskatchewan, B.C. and Alberta compete, the most number of games that could be played would be if a home and home series system was used whereby each team played two home games and two away games. A sudden death game could be used for the finals, or the high standing team takes the cup.

It is said that there are Biblical quotations to justify necking parties. When the Queen of Sheba visited King Solomon, he gave her wine and nectar.

This is the beginning of the end. With this issue this particular department crawls painfully back into the oblivion from whence it came—not much sadder, but a whole lot wiser. At least we hope so!

In retrospect, the past year hasn't been too bad at all. True, the rugby series was inconclusive, hockey didn't materialize, basketball series was a heartbreaker to lose, but considering the unsettled conditions under which executives had to work, things went off very well. The guiding geni of both the men's and women's athletics have turned in very capable jobs. They deserve a lot of credit for the fine work they accomplished.

One of the outstanding features of the year, to our mind, was the new high reached by interfaculty competition. This year teams representing faculties which have not figured any too prominently for many years came through with flying colors. Next year's set-up is already being considered. We really have something there—let's hang on to it.

It seems an appropriate time to thank everyone who has aided in the production of this page. From the executives of the M.A.B. and the W.A.A. right down to every manager and player of every sport on the campus. Without their co-operation this page would not have been possible, so thanks a million.

We would like to apologize for the odd bits of "misinformation" which crept into these columns from time to time. They always seem to pop up in the most conspicuous places—but we did try hard.

Special thanks go to Bill Hewson and Jean Hill. Without the two of them, things would have been pretty bleak at times. And, of course, to the Editor-in-Chief.

In conclusion, may we sincerely thank Jim Pantan for the invaluable advice and aid which he has given us in the past year. Although his stay with us has been cut short, we feel his influence will linger long on the Alberta campus. It has been both a pleasure and a privilege to have had the opportunity of working with such a sportsman and gentleman. We wish him all the best in his future endeavors. We can do no more than quote Jack Neilson, "He's a darn good guy."

Well, this looks like the point where we came in, so thanks a lot—and good luck!

NOTICE

Any senior rugby players who wish to draw equipment for summer training, should submit their names to Don Johnston, President of Rugby, Phone 31630.

His arm has been around more curves than a bath towel in Pembina.

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President, Men's Athletic Board, c/o Gateway, or Students' Union office.

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2. Manager of Senior Hockey.
3. Manager of Track.
4. Manager of Boxing and Wrestling.
5. Manager of Interfaculty Hockey.
6. Manager of Interfaculty Rugby.
7. Manager of Interfaculty Basketball.

Mother (to small child)—Hush, dear, the sandman will be here soon.
Child—Okay, Mum; gimme a couple of lollypops and I won't tell Daddy.

"So the strip-tease dancer could not learn to knit?"
"No, she's been trained to drop every stitch, you know!"

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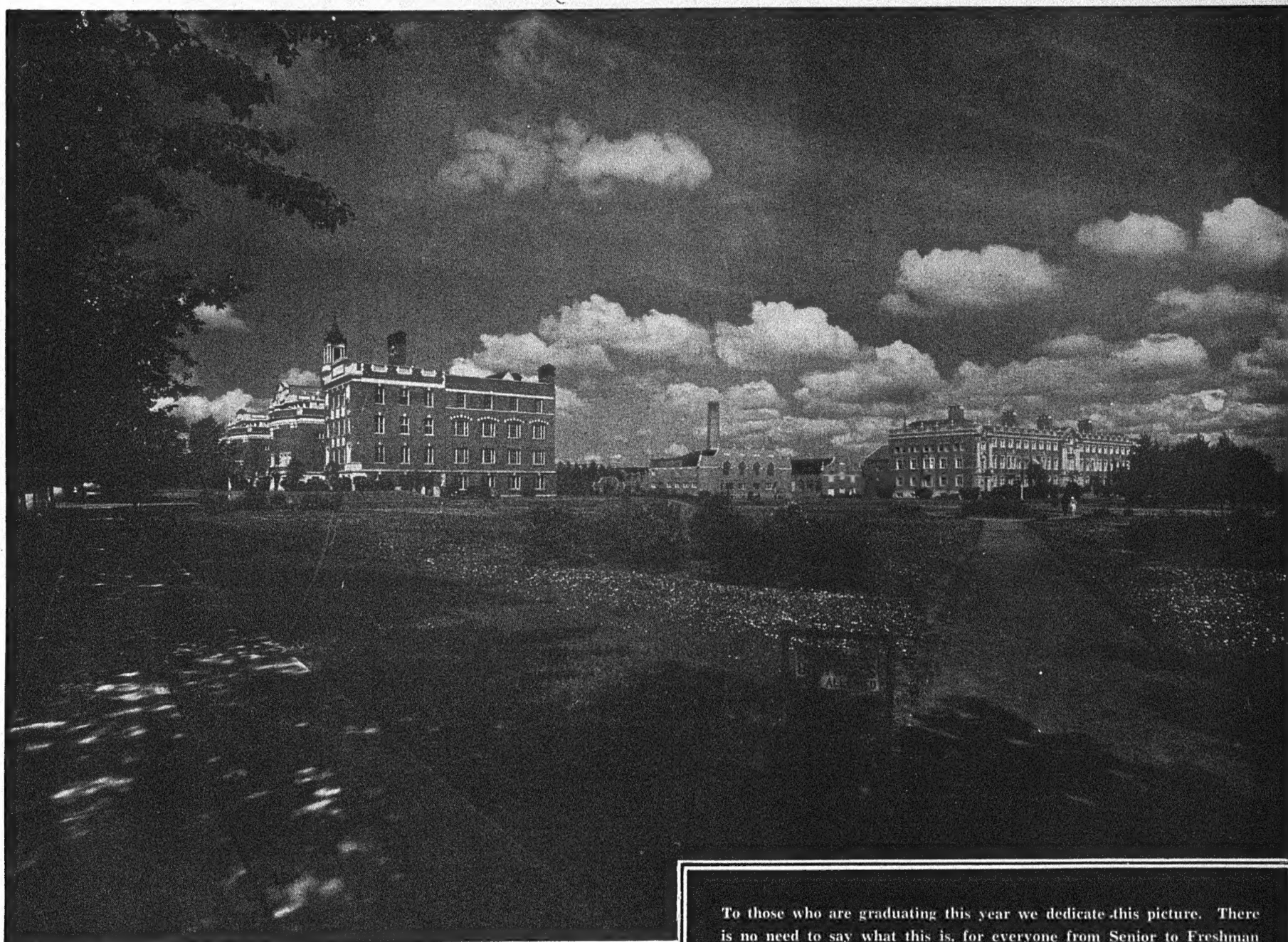
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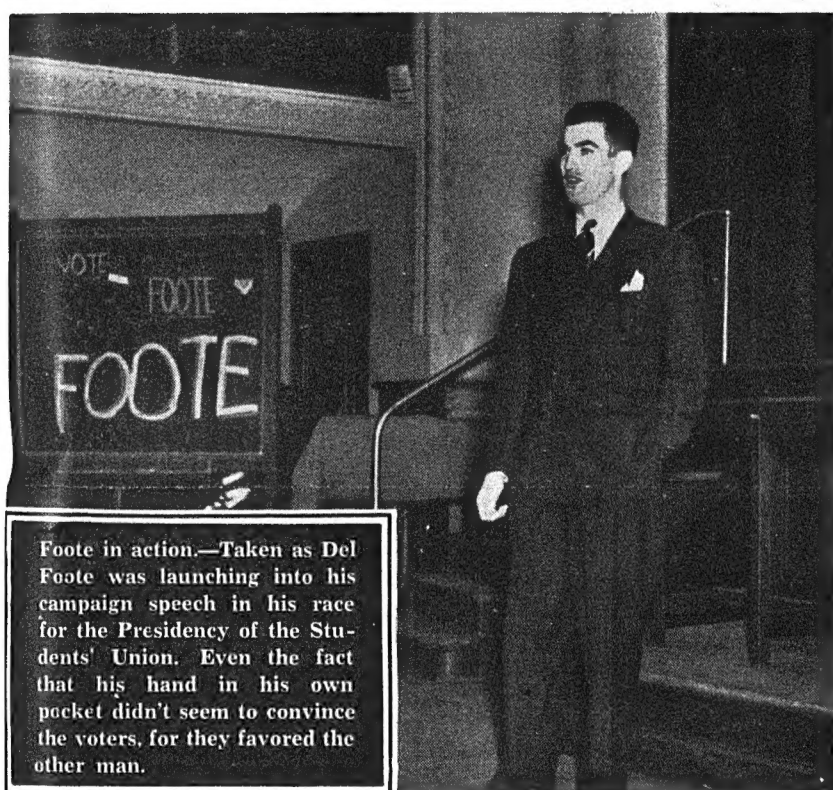
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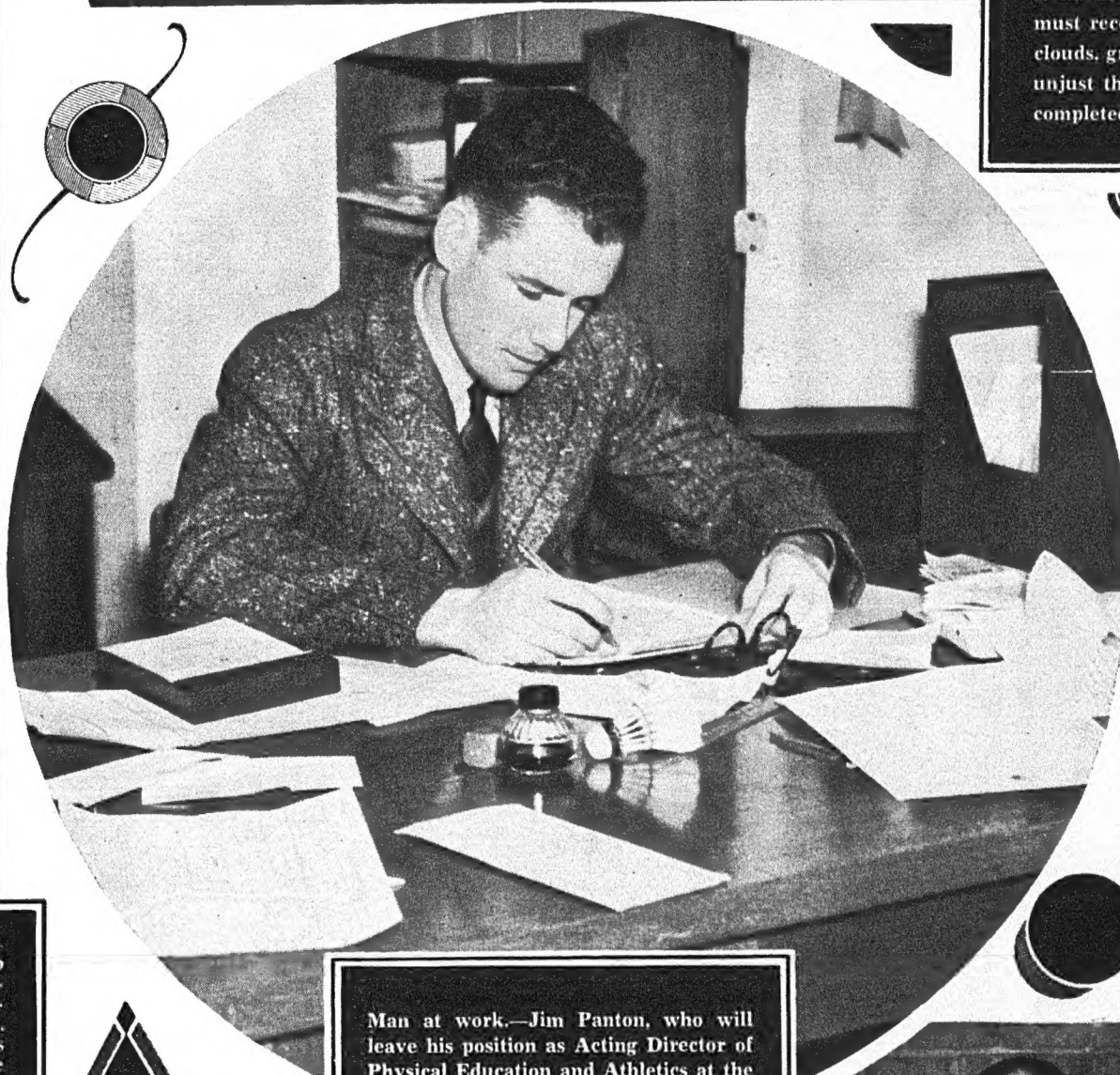
Old Faithful—A Varsity man's best friend is Bill Greig, driver of the Varsity bus. How many times has he managed to squeeze you into the bus on that very cold or rainy day? Although the jolopy has a certain capacity, there always seems to be room for one more.



To those who are graduating this year we dedicate this picture. There is no need to say what this is, for everyone from Senior to Freshman must recognize the campus and its buildings by now. What with fleecy clouds, green foliage and dandelions blanketing the grass, it seems almost unjust that we cannot fully appreciate this scenery until after we have completed our exams.



Foote in action.—Taken as Del Foote was launching into his campaign speech in his race for the Presidency of the Students' Union. Even the fact that his hand in his own pocket didn't seem to convince the voters, for they favored the other man.



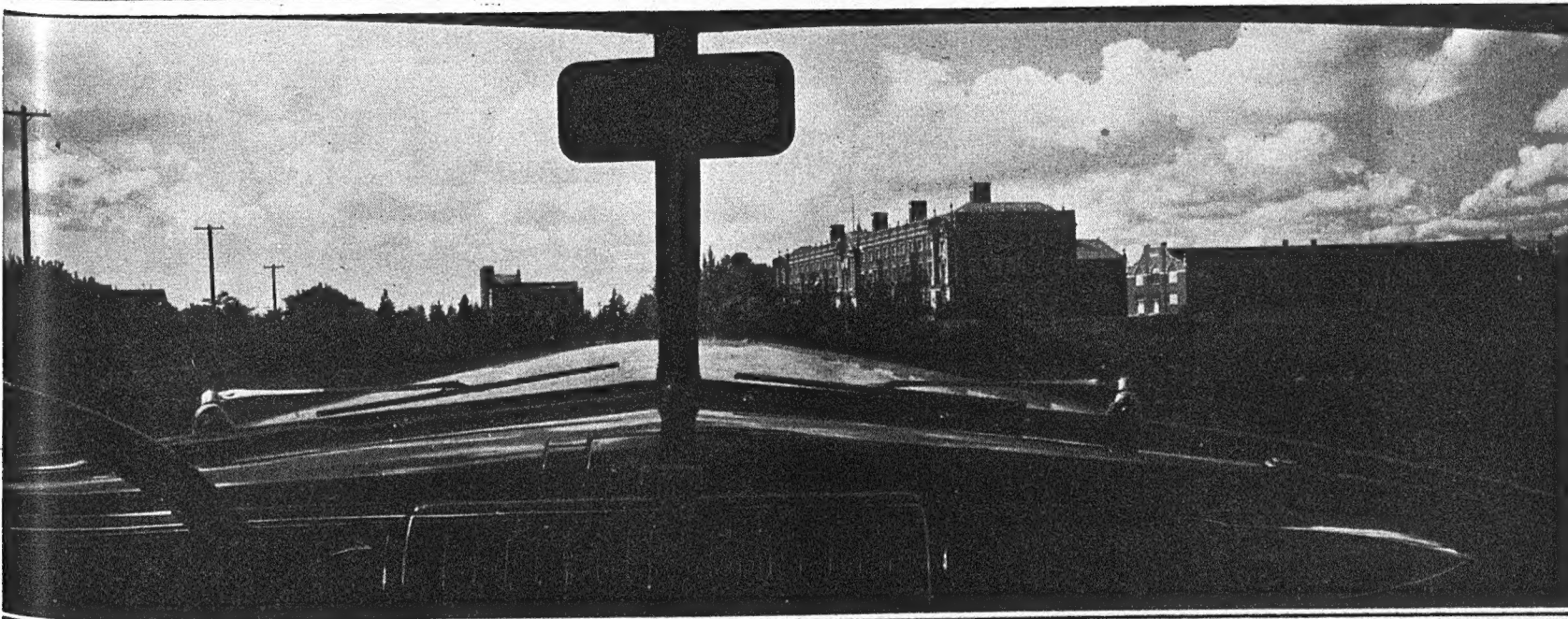
Man at work.—Jim Panton, who will leave his position as Acting Director of Physical Education and Athletics at the end of this year, is shown hard at work. This is by no means an off-moment, for hard work and Jim Panton went hand in hand during his stay here.



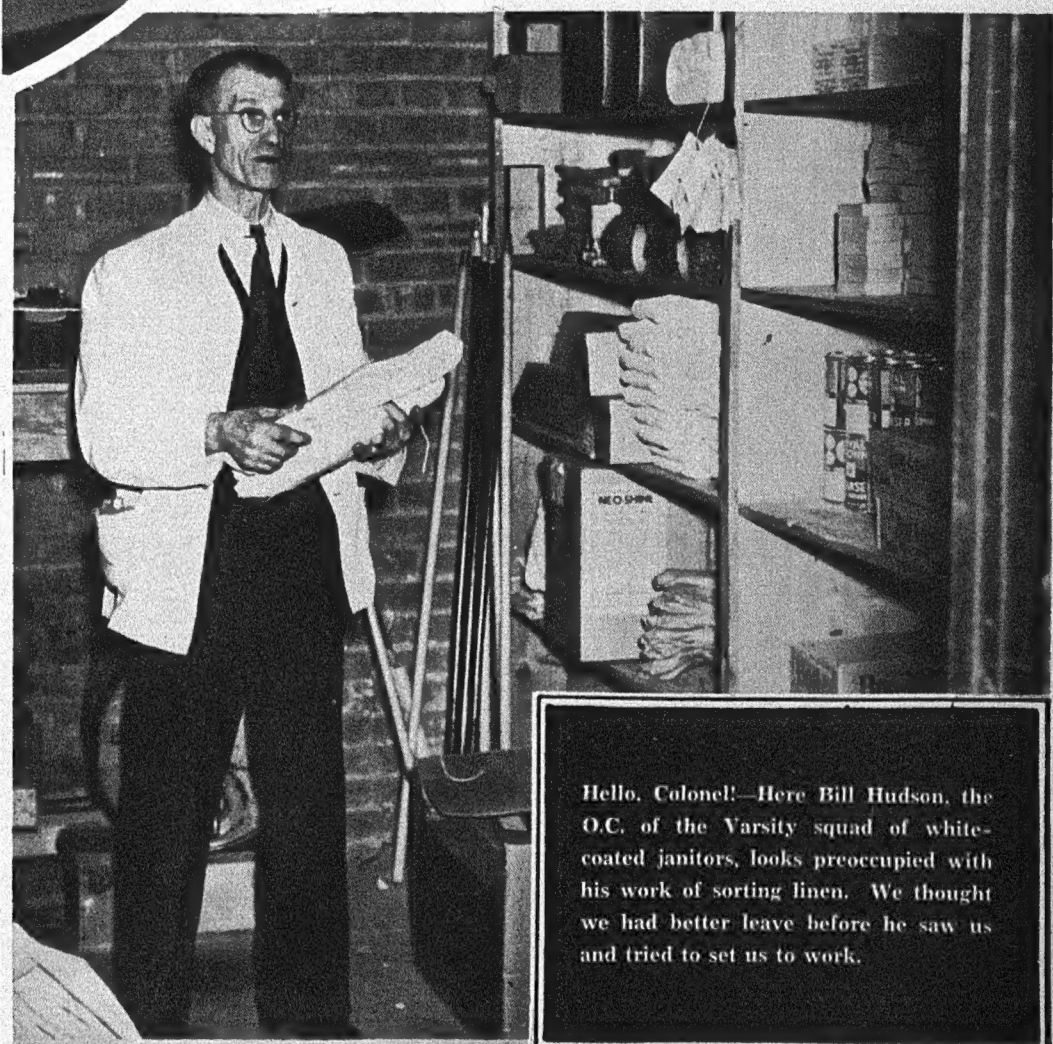
Man of moods.—Everyone in residence knows Reg Lister, whose job it is to see that everything is running smoothly. Always a brisk hello and a cheery smile—well, what more is there to say?



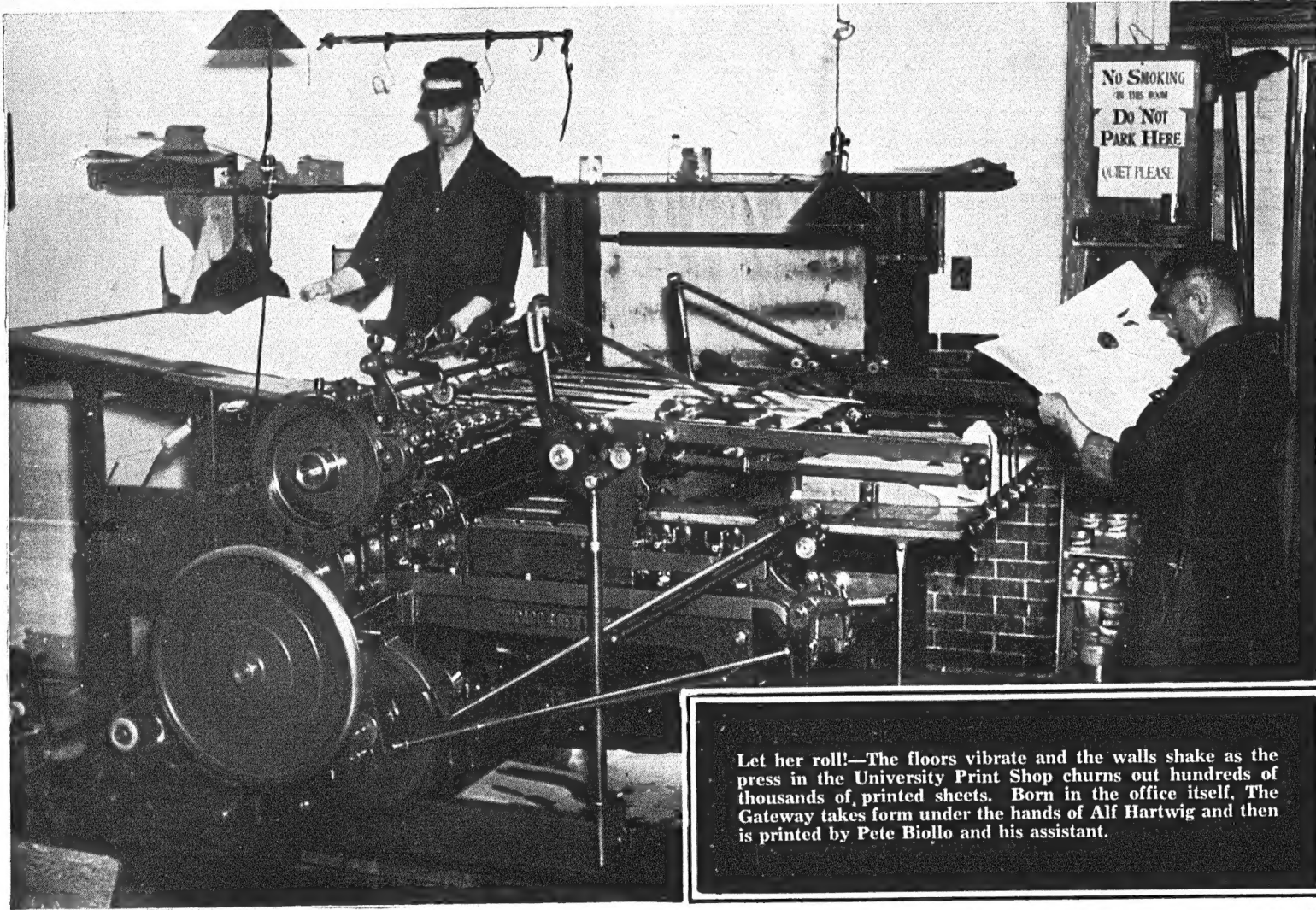
The other man.—Bob Macbeth, president-elect, made no commitments as to policy. Here, however, his pose proves to the voters that he is determined to fight for students' rights. The kilts and the clenched fists indicate his nationality.



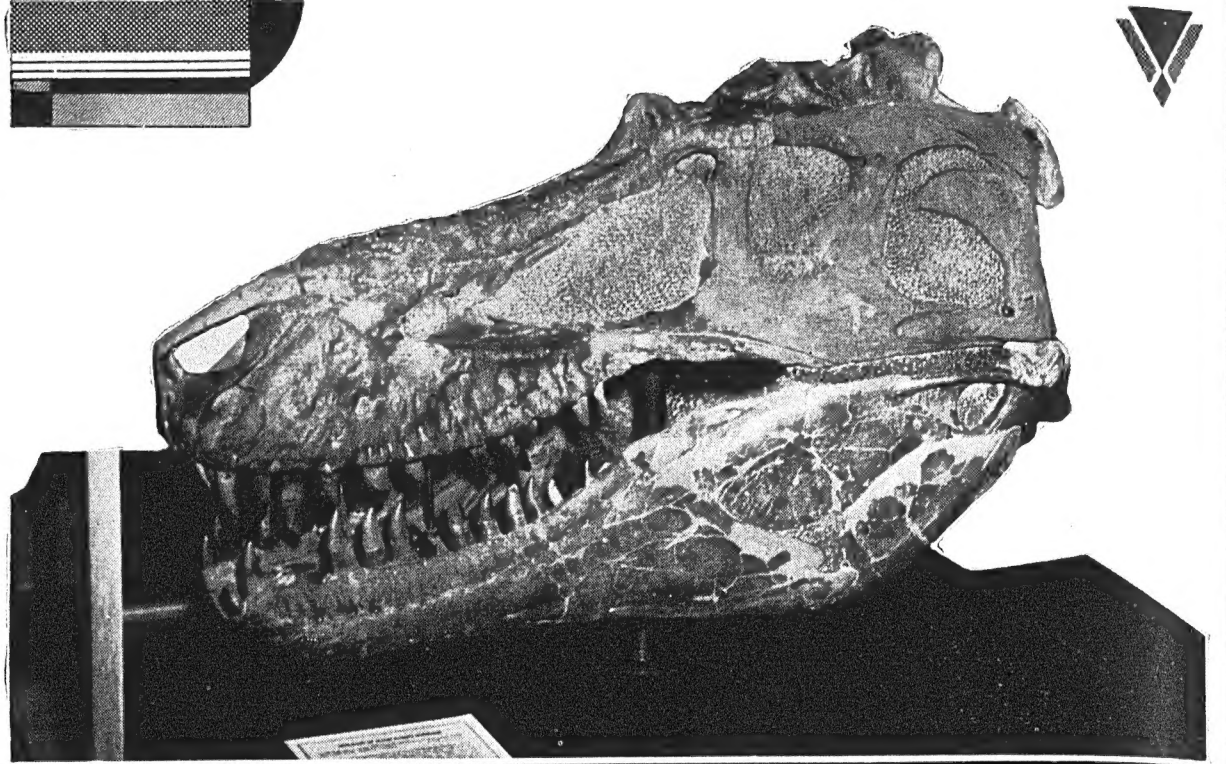
Behind the wheel—the campus looks like this. Why a car should be parked in Saskatchewan Drive is hard to say. But there were no obstacles to overcome in order to take this picture.



Hello, Colonel!—Here Bill Hudson, the O.C. of the Varsity squad of white-coated janitors, looks preoccupied with his work of sorting linen. We thought we had better leave before he saw us and tried to set us to work.



Let her roll!—The floors vibrate and the walls shake as the press in the University Print Shop churns out hundreds of thousands of printed sheets. Born in the office itself, The Gateway takes form under the hands of Alf Hartwig and then is printed by Pete Biollo and his assistant.



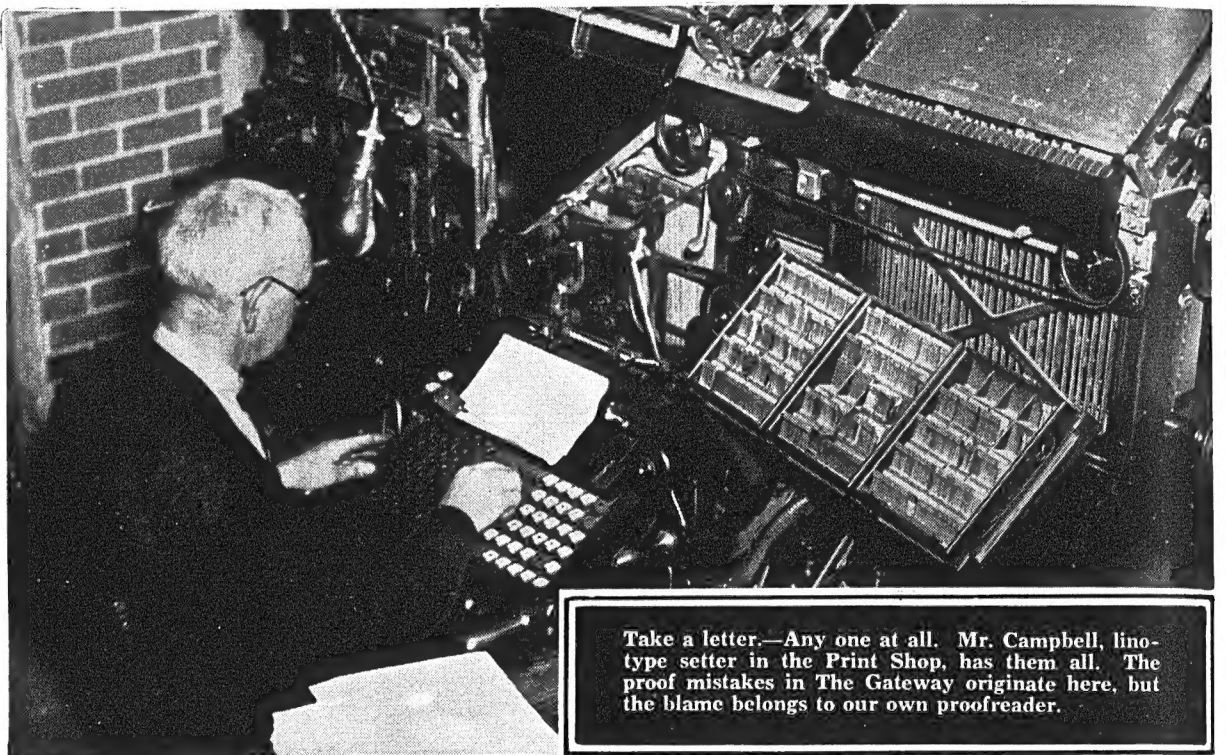
Shades of Alley Oop!—A dinosaur skull mounted in the Palaeontology Museum in the Arts Building nevertheless maintains a terrifying appearance.



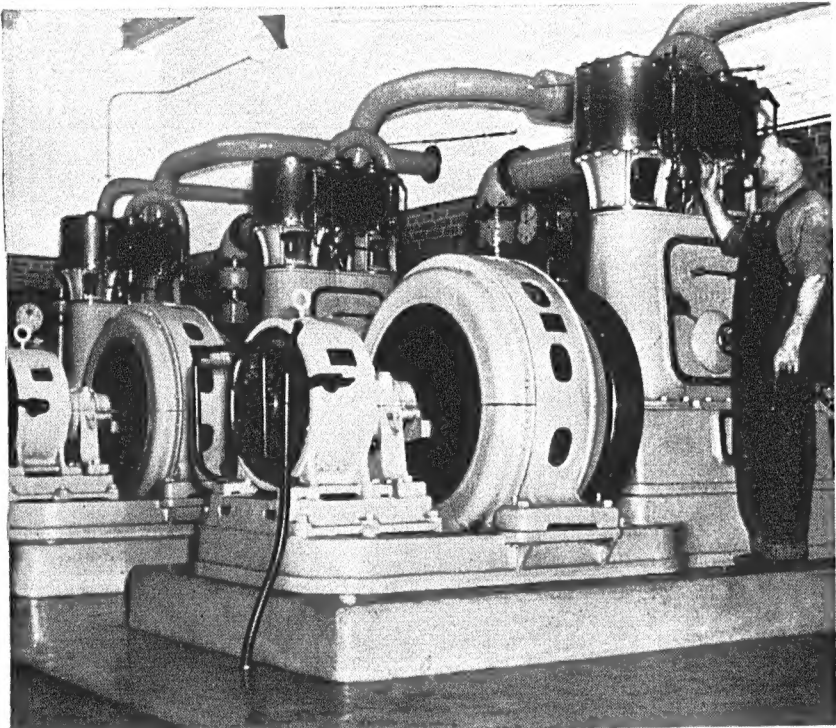
Miss Nelson looks over the files of pamphlet material in the Extension Department.



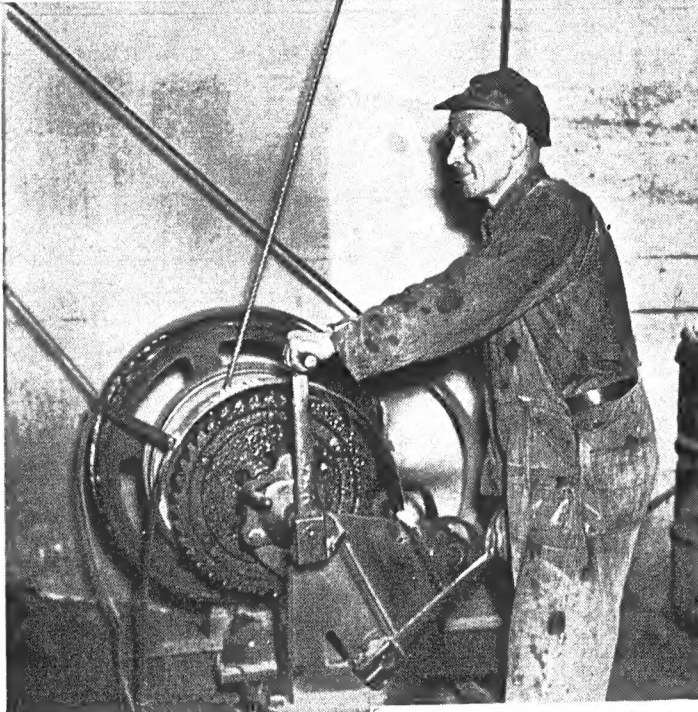
Beating it out.—No anvil, no chestnut tree, not even a village blacksmith. These two gentlemen in the Power Plant of the University seem to be doing all right with a sledge and a little applied elbow grease.



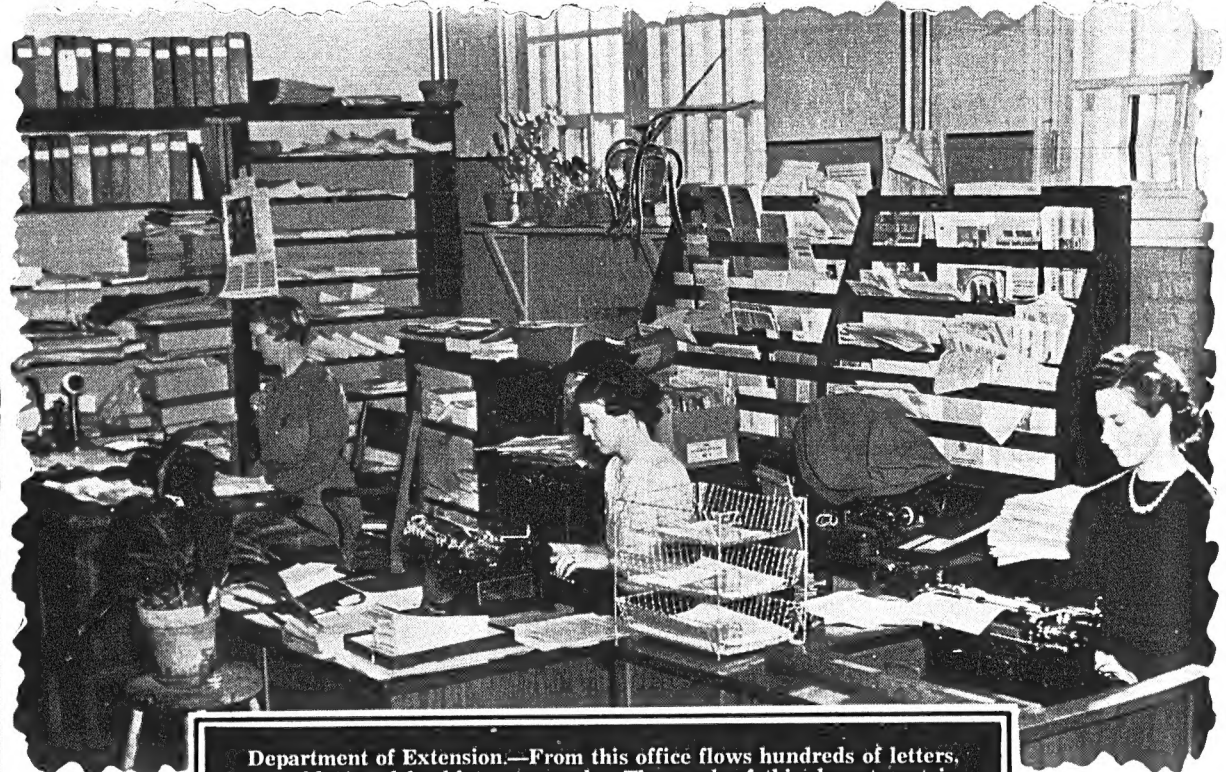
Take a letter.—Any one at all. Mr. Campbell, linotype setter in the Print Shop, has them all. The proof mistakes in The Gateway originate here, but the blame belongs to our own proofreader.



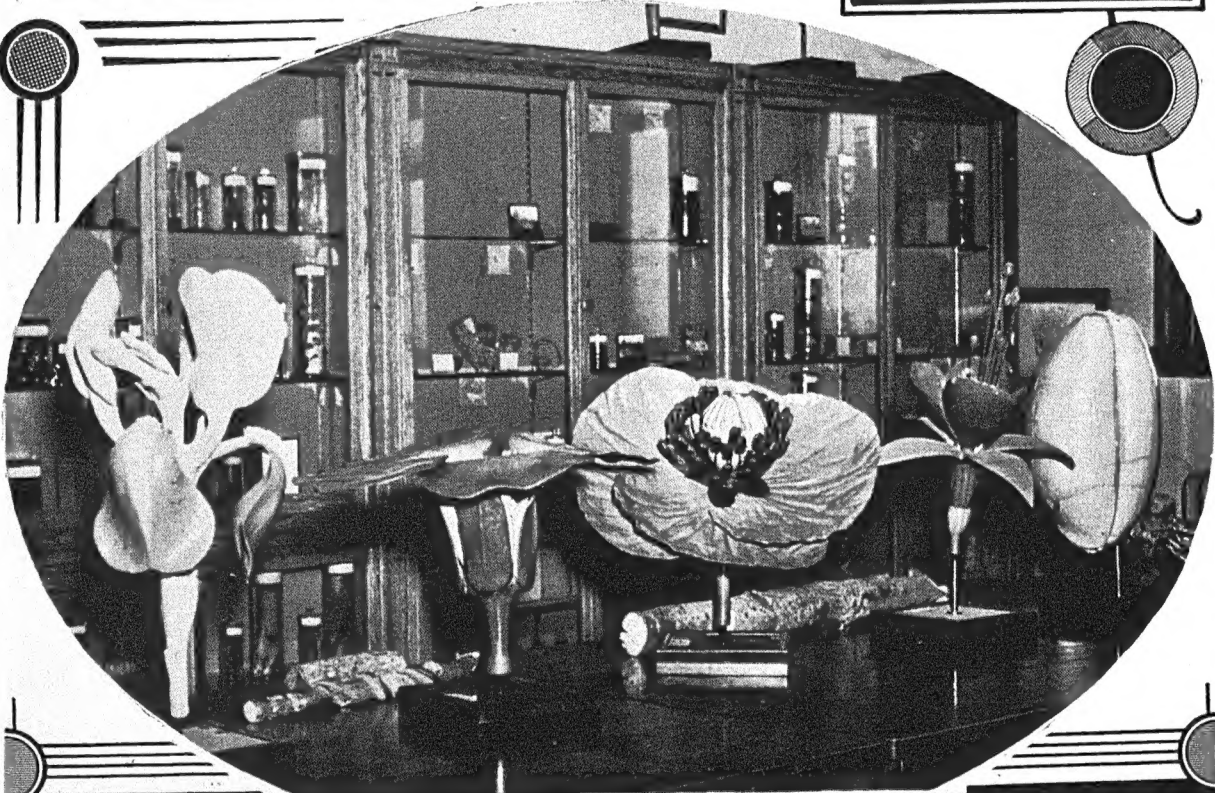
Slick as a whistle.—No other term can adequately describe the spick and span condition of the generators in the Power Plant. The engineer insisted on combing his hair before we could take his picture.



Going up!—This complex rig of wires and levers raises and lowers huge buckets of coal into the furnaces in the Power Plant. It looks simple enough, but try it sometime.



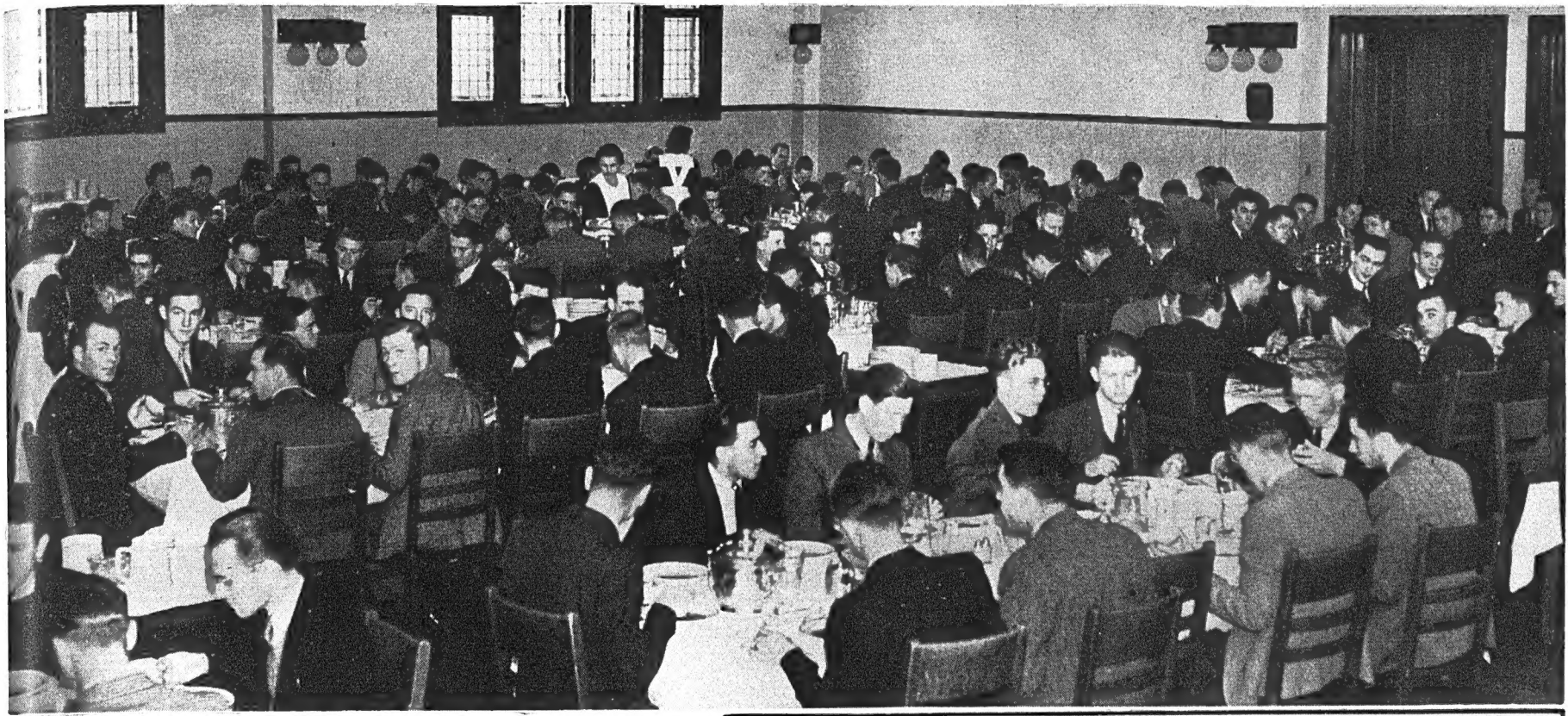
Department of Extension.—From this office flows hundreds of letters, pamphlets and booklets per week. The work of this department in the province is far more extensive than anyone realizes.



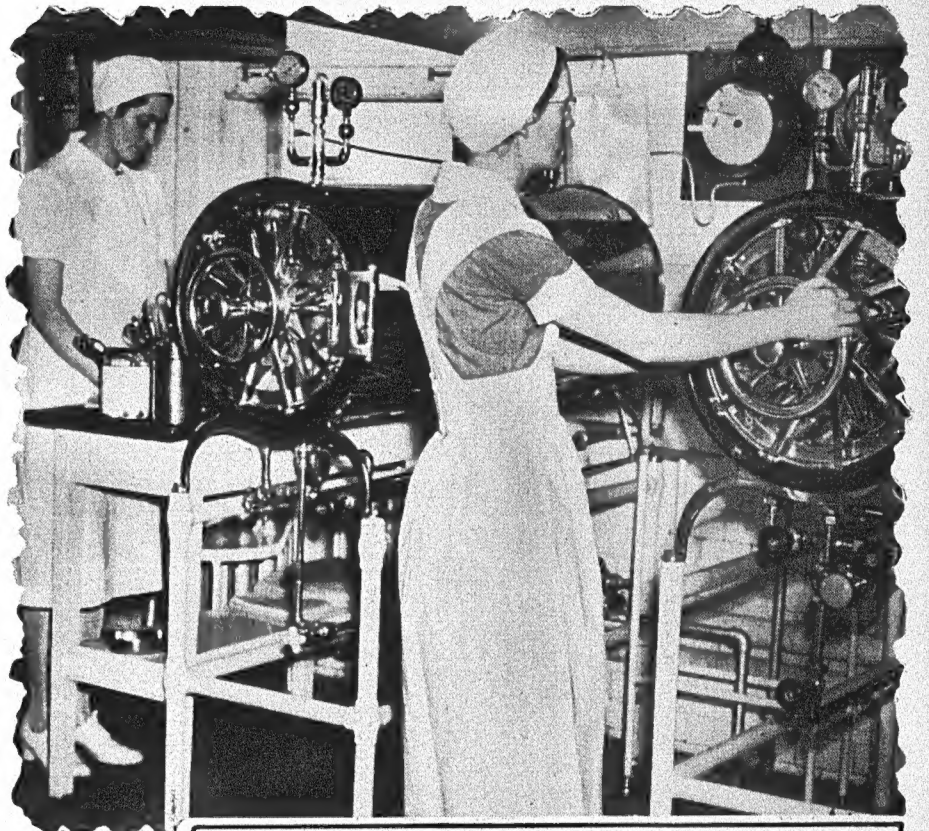
Botanists—may know what these flowers are, but our Latin fails us. We know they are models which can be found in the Botany Lab in the Arts Building, but that's all we can tell you.



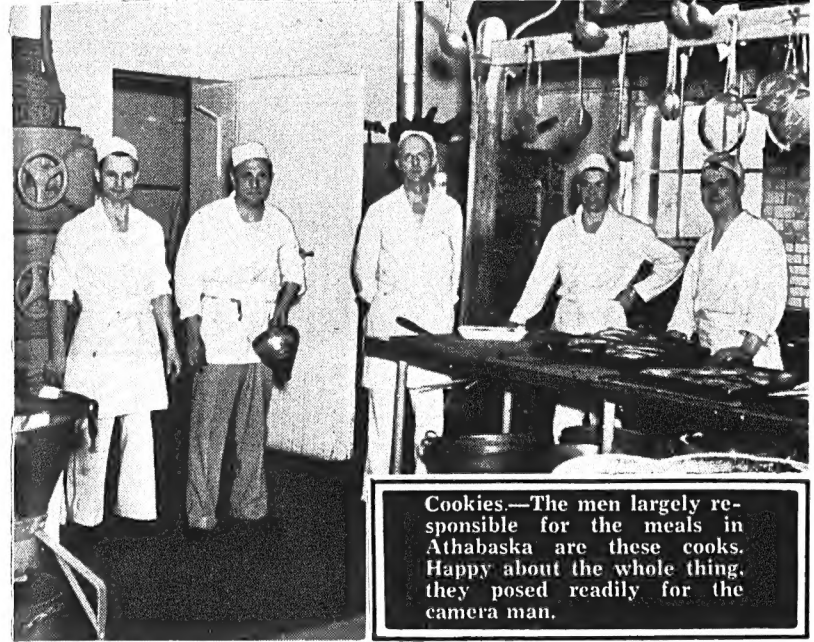
Another important branch of the Extension Department are these films which are being re-wound. Educational and instructive, they are being used extensively in Alberta schools.



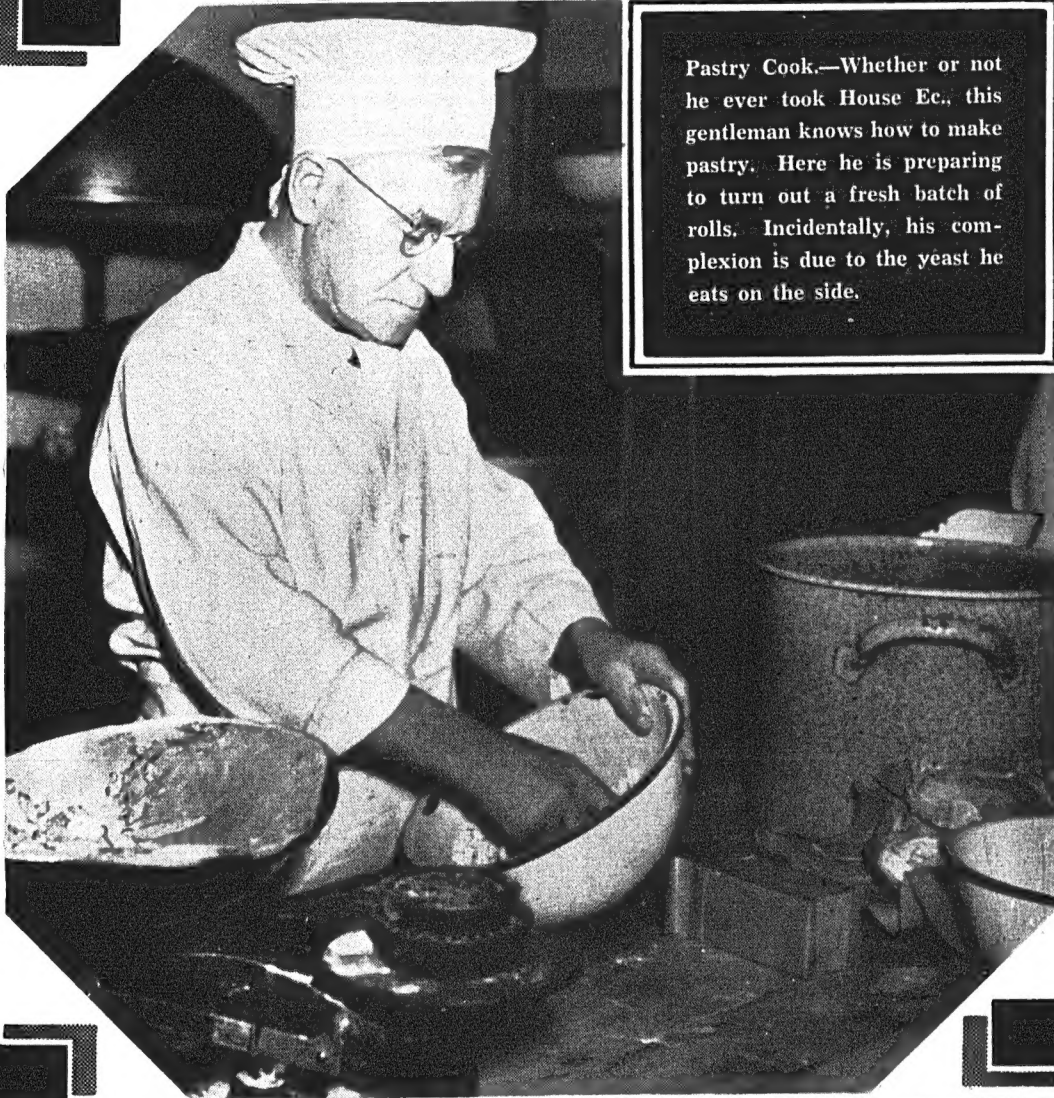
Come and get it!—The boys in residence don't need a second warning to dig in. Where there's food and plenty of it you'll always find a residence man. Hungry though they were, some were not too engrossed to turn around and venture a searching glance at our photographer.



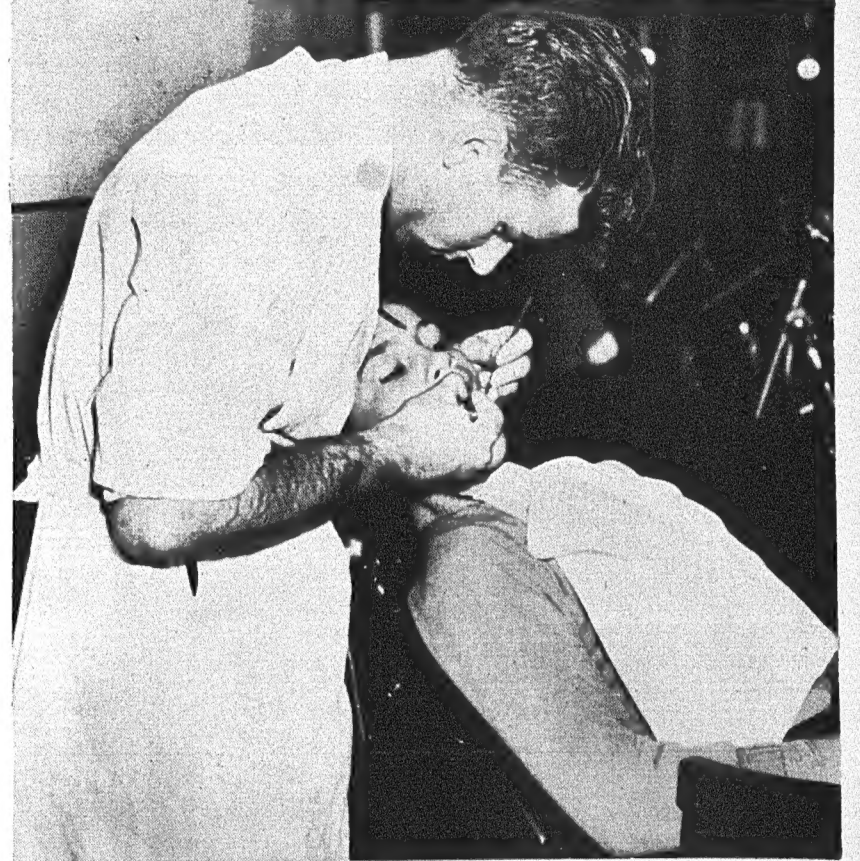
Nurses in action.—Two of the girls at the University Hospital showed us how they sterilized the instruments for use in the operating room. Steam baths may be beneficial for the obese, but they certainly put finis to a germ's existence.



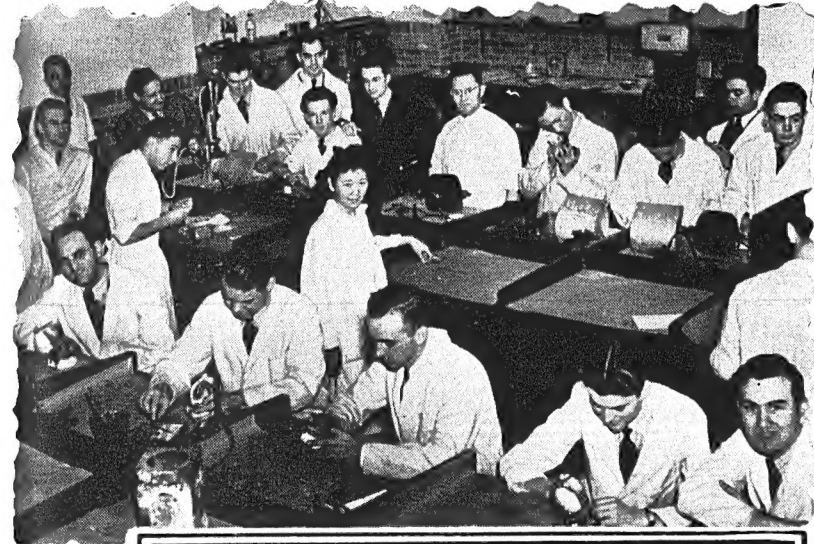
Cookies.—The men largely responsible for the meals in Athabasca are these cooks. Happy about the whole thing, they posed readily for the camera man.



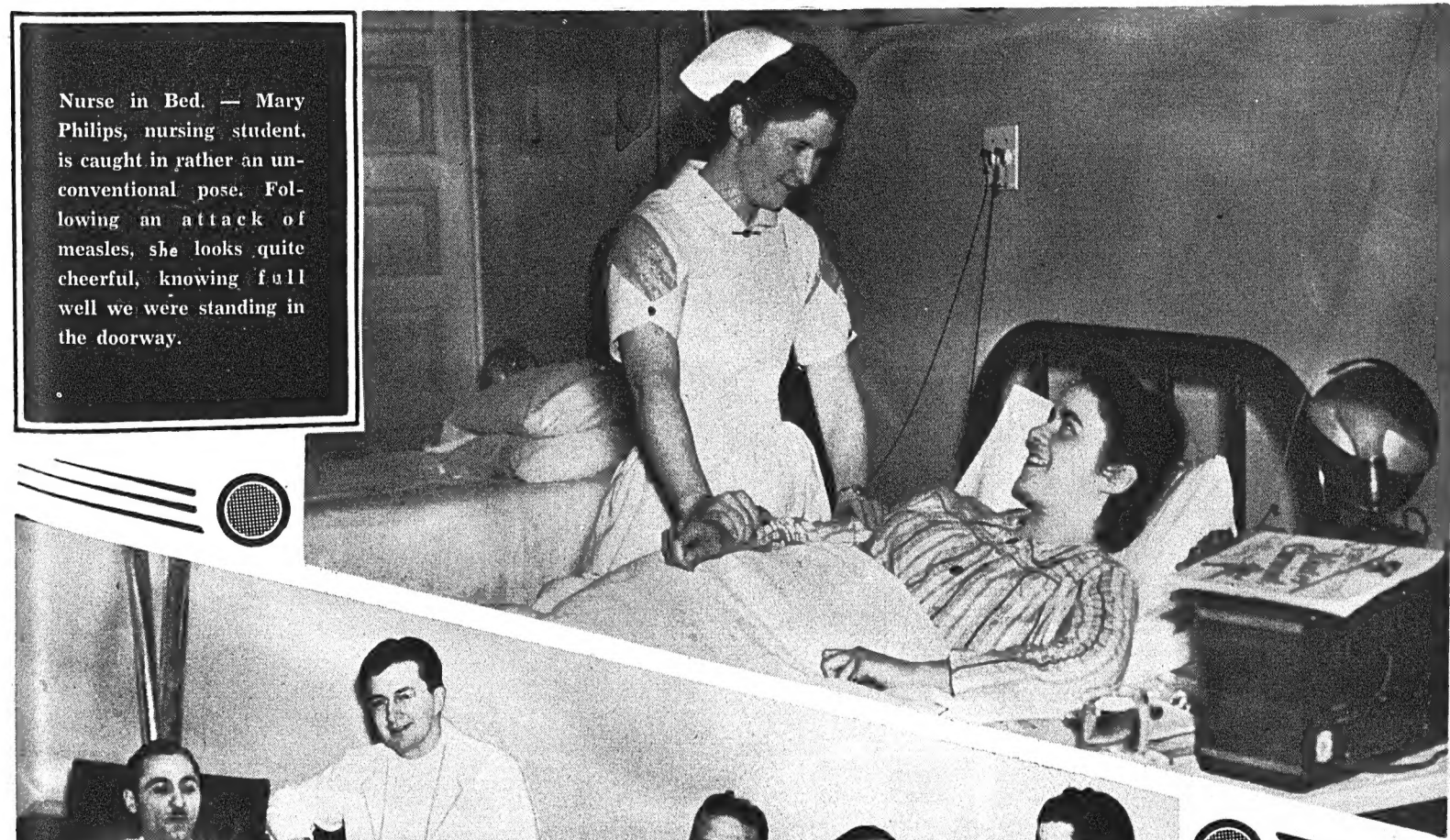
Pastry Cook.—Whether or not he ever took House Ec., this gentleman knows how to make pastry. Here he is preparing to turn out a fresh batch of rolls. Incidentally, his complexion is due to the yeast he eats on the side.



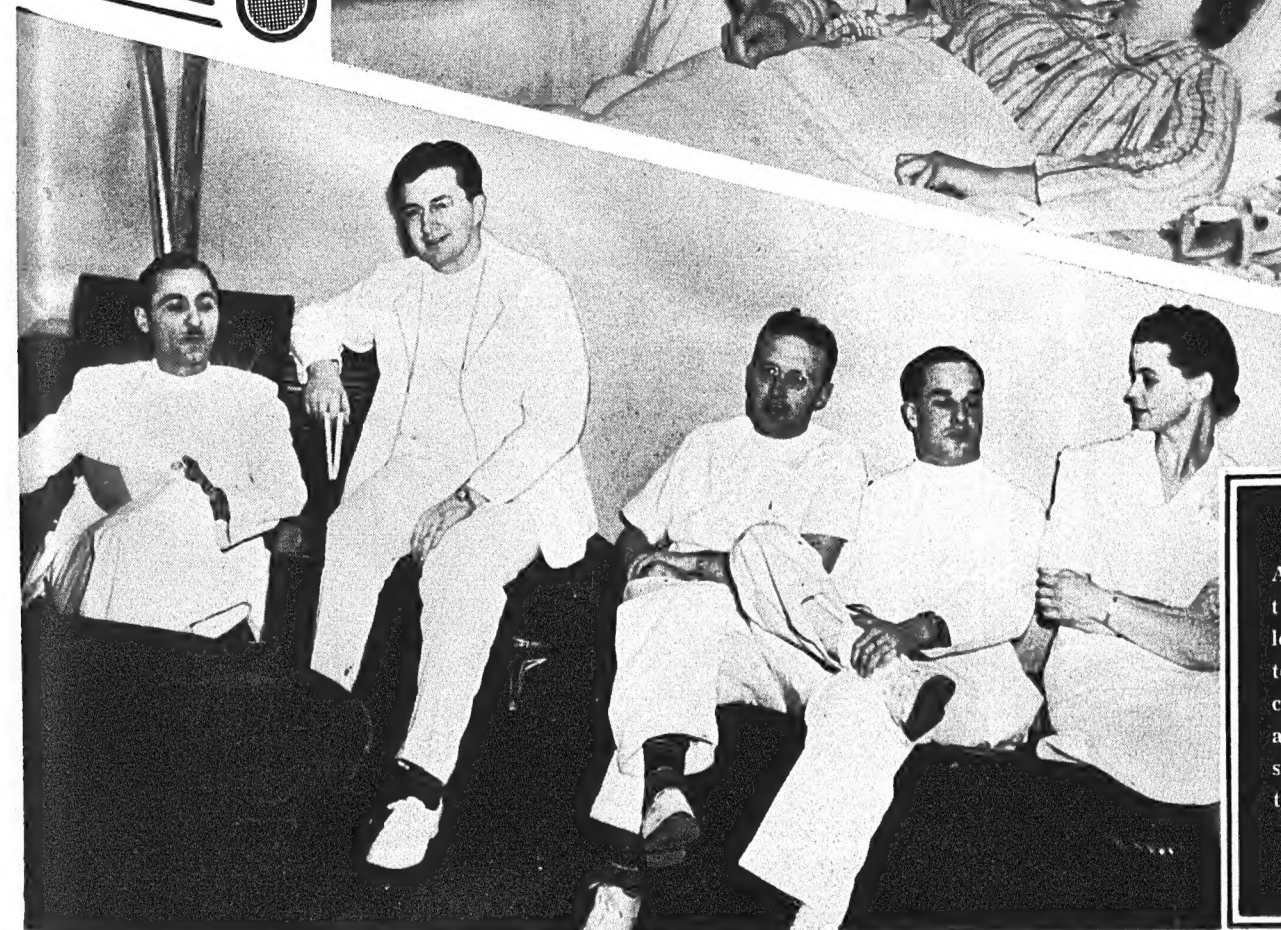
Dentist. — Man of many qualities, President Jack Neilson is busy with a young patient in the Dental Clinic. With the burden of student government lifted from his shoulders, we can't understand the serious expression on the good doctor's face.



On the Make.—The future jaw-breakers are busy in the Dent Lab preparing plates. Dr. Gilchrist looks cynical about the whole thing, while the Japanese Miss isn't quite certain what to think.



Nurse in Bed. — Mary Philips, nursing student, is caught in rather an unconventional pose. Following an attack of measles, she looks quite cheerful, knowing full well we were standing in the doorway.



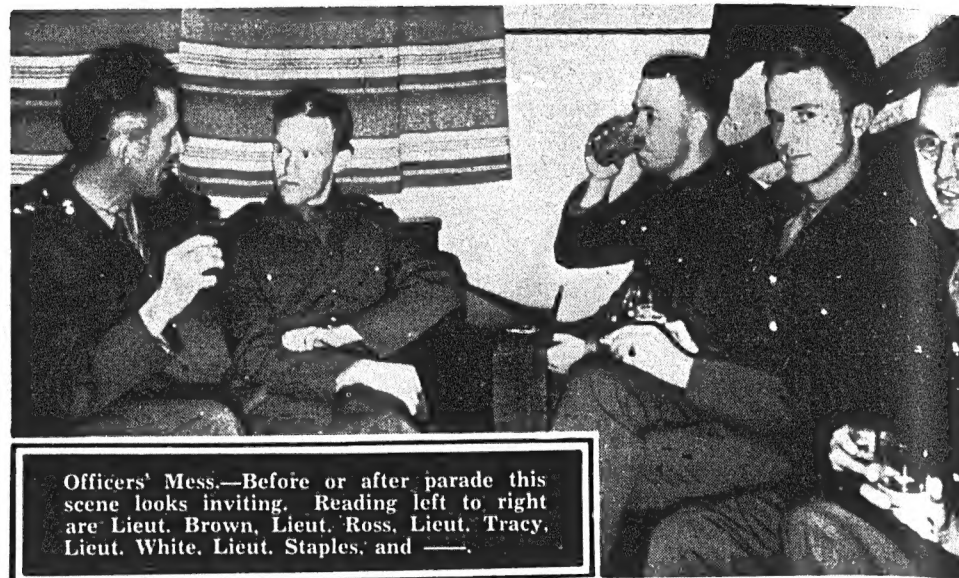
At Ease. — Relaxing in their comfortable little lounging room, these interns don't seem at all concerned with patients and sick-beds. Dr. Howson looks particularly interested in Dr. Zender.



Special arrangement for graduation photographs. Phone 25444. McDermid's Studios, Limited, 10024 101st Street.



While the men relax for a few minutes, Brigadier Harvey, Commander of Military District No. 13, has a few words with the officers. What he said remains an official secret, but the officers look very attentive. Reading from the Brigadier right as far as we are able, the officers are: Lieut. Tracy, Lieut. Macdonald, Lieut. Ross, Lieut. Buchanan, Lieut. Donald, Lieut. Prowse, Lieut. White, Lieut. Healy, Lieut. Hardy, Lieut. Owen, Lieut. Staples, Capt. Smith, Lieut. Macdonald, Lieut. Reynolds, Capt. Hardy, Lieut. Whitehead, Capt. Smith, Lieut. Samuels, Lieut. McDaniels, Lieut. Carson, Lieut. Bell, Lieut. Sutherland, Lieut. Stevens, and Major Smith.



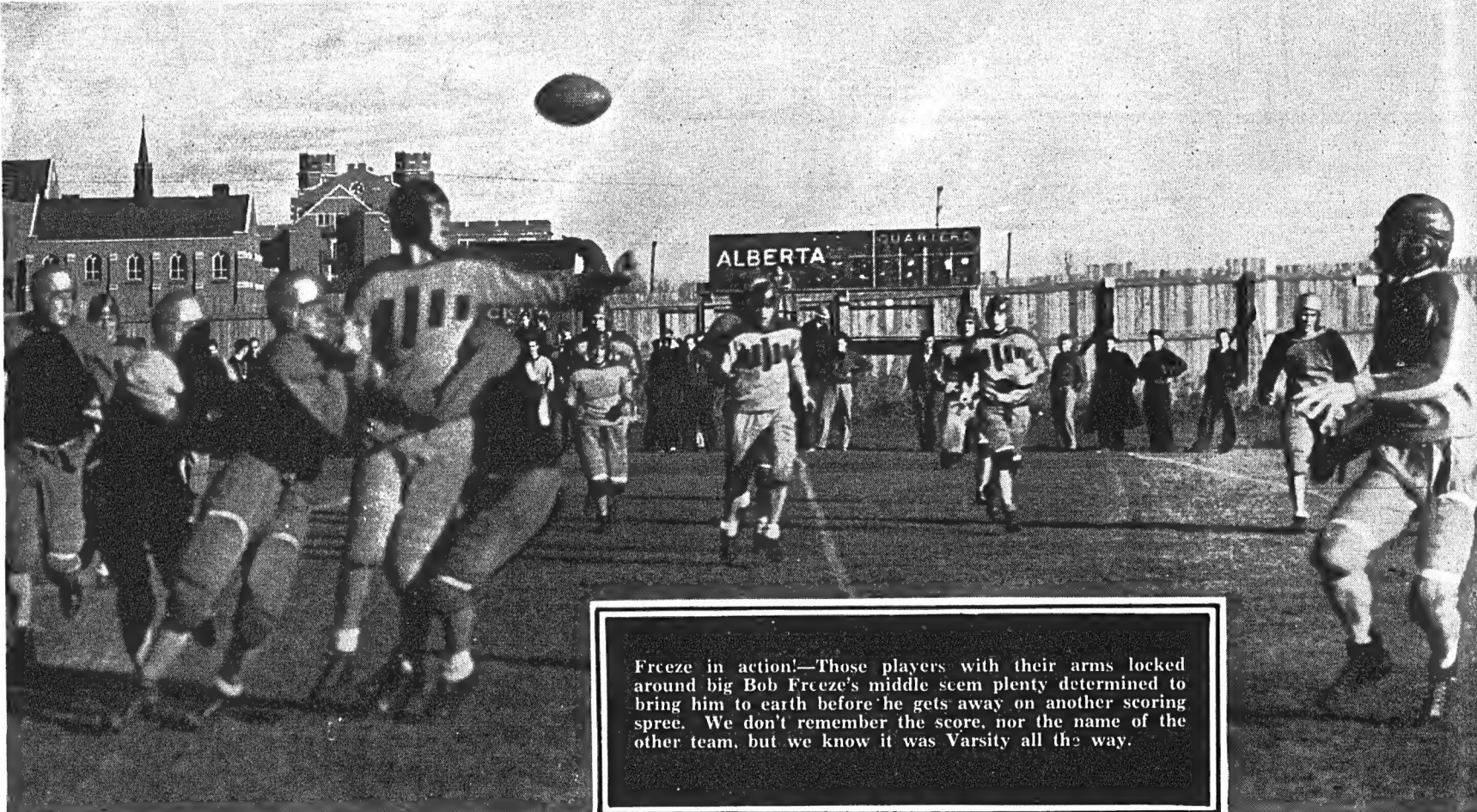
Officers' Mess.—Before or after parade this scene looks inviting. Reading left to right are Lieut. Brown, Lieut. Ross, Lieut. Tracy, Lieut. White, Lieut. Staples, and —.



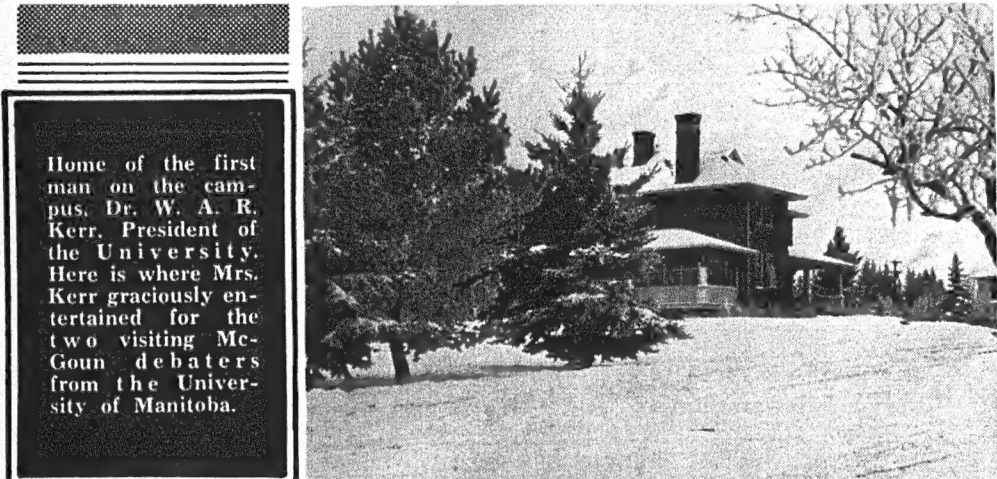
Aircraft Action.—Lt. Owen demonstrates how to get a Messerschmitt with a Lewis gun mounted on aircraft. The men shown were "dropped by parachute" to defend the house in the background.



Daily routine, instead of once a week, will be button shining when the C.O.T.C. goes to Sarcee Camp in May. Here is one cadet going through the motions as he prepares for the visit of Brigadier Harvey.



Freeze in action!—Those players with their arms locked around big Bob Freeze's middle seem plenty determined to bring him to earth before he gets away on another scoring spree. We don't remember the score, nor the name of the other team, but we know it was Varsity all the way.

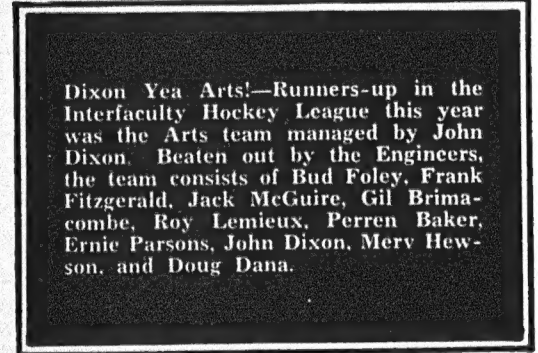


Home of the first man on the campus, Dr. W. A. R. Kerr, President of the University. Here is where Mrs. Kerr graciously entertained for the two visiting McGoun debaters from the University of Manitoba.

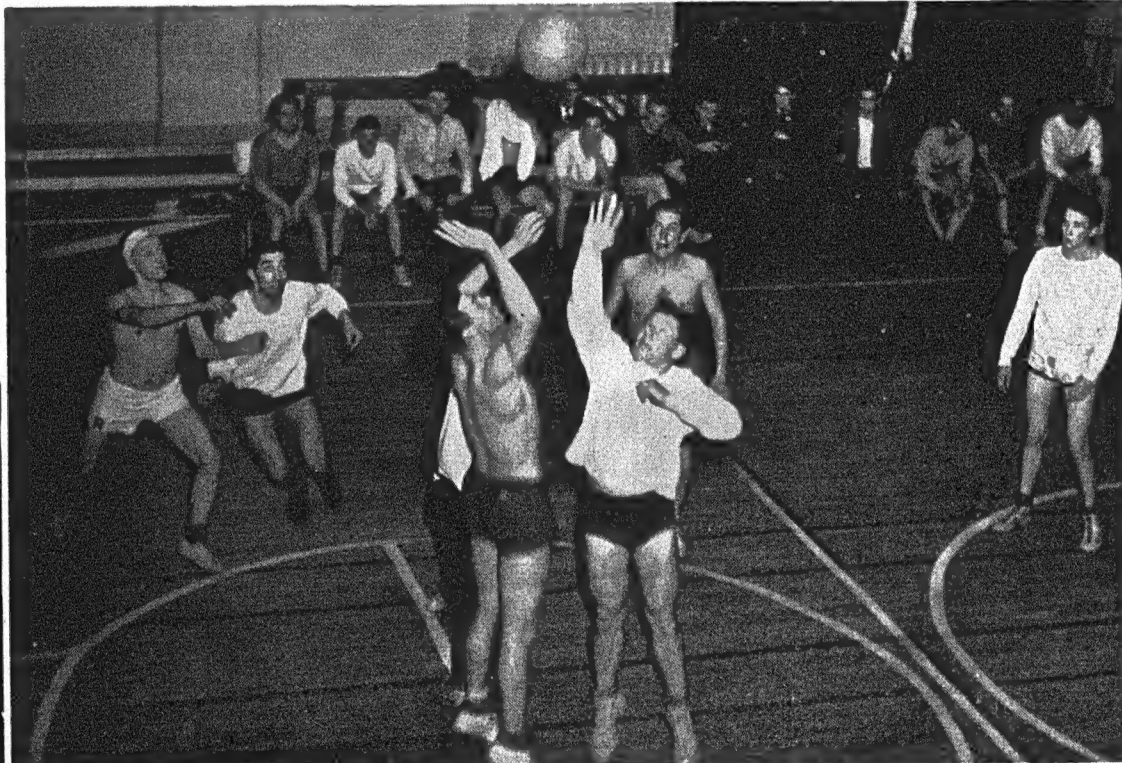


Dixon Yea Arts!—Runners-up in the Interfaculty Hockey League this year was the Arts team managed by John Dixon. Beaten out by the Engineers, the team consists of Bud Foley, Frank Fitzgerald, Jack McGuire, Gil Brimacombe, Roy Lemieux, Perren Baker, Ernie Parsons, John Dixon, Merv Hewson, and Doug Dana.

Prom Night! — The most heralded, the long awaited for Junior Prom turned out to be what it has always claimed to be — the best dance of the year. Lavish decorations, Strauss waltzes and the right girl helped complete the perfect evening.



Toss-up is just what most of the games in the Interfaculty Basketball League were, for all the contesting teams were fairly evenly matched. The result, no one-sided scores. The Arts — white sweaters—battle it out here with the Pharm-Dents — no shirts—while Jim Pantom in the background keeps score.



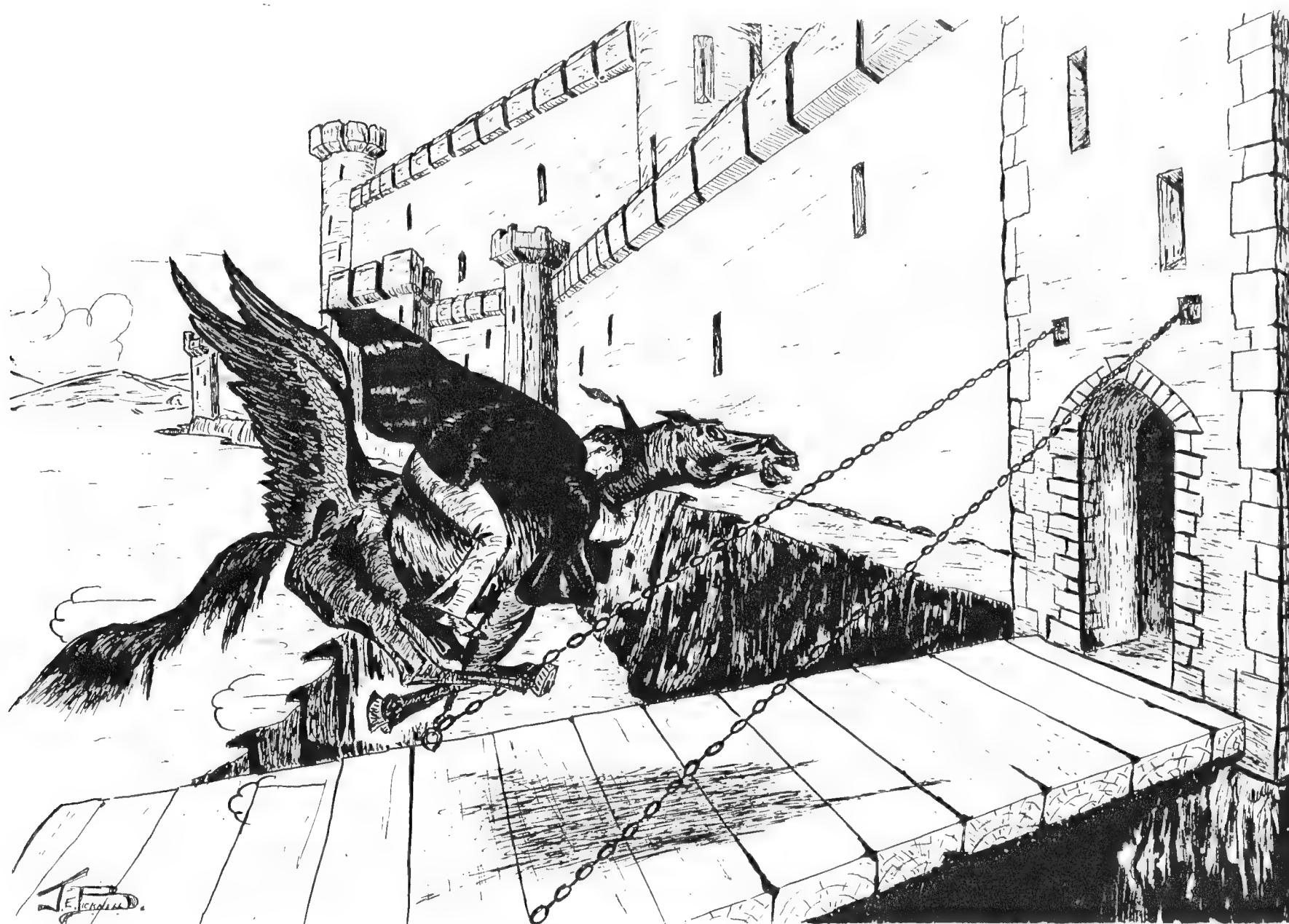
The Mikado and cast of the Philharmonic Society operetta dine in Big Tuck after the Saturday matinee performance of their successful production.

THE GATEWAY

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STUDENTS' UNION OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

THE POSTERN GATE



● A FORK IN THE FEEDER

By John Nasadyk

● TODAY IS SPRING

By C. van der Mark

● AS SHE LIKED IT

By Chet Lambertson

● G. K. CHESTERTON: AN APPRECIATION

By Gilbert Keith

● LITTLE FISH

By A. M. Johnson

● DUST: A POEM

By R. Blackburn

A Fork in the Feeder

By
John
Nasadyk

It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at Clayton. We were a bit stiff and cramped after our fifty-mile bus-ride from Edmonton, so we walked around, seeing the sights, and looking for this fellow Hansen who was supposed to meet us.

There were five of us: a couple of young fellows from somewhere in the East, a little sallow-faced punk from Edmonton, Jack, and myself. I don't remember the names of the two Ontario boys, but we called the little runt Shrimp, and that name stuck to him while he was with us.

The Shrimp and Jack were the only ones who had had any experience as threshermen. Jack was an old hand at the game, and the Shrimp, from the way he talked, was nearly the best man in the country with a team of horses. He told us quite a bit about himself while we were on the bus—all the places he'd worked during the summer, and how much his bosses had liked him, and why he'd had to quit.

The Shrimp talked so much that I got good and sick of his chatter, so I ditched him and went into the hotel to ask if Hansen had been around. When I came out, Hansen was there, talking to the rest of the men.

He was an old man—pretty close to seventy, I guess—with a round, weatherbeaten face, and a pair of enormous grey handlebar moustaches. He looked us over just like he was glad to see each of us. "A bunch of young fellows, eh?" he rumbled. "I guess that means we can work you harder." He rolled back his moustaches and grinned at us.

He left us waiting in the car while he went to the store. The weather had been warm for several days, but it had begun to cloud over that afternoon, and now, while we waited in the car, fine drops of rain began to fall. It was so late in the fall that we wouldn't have been surprised to see snow. We had been wondering why Hansen's harvest had been delayed so long, but we didn't find out until later.

I sat in the front seat of the car right beside Hansen on the way out to the farm. The old man had looked cheerful and benevolent when he was talking and smiling, but when he was quiet I could see heavy lines around his eyes and forehead—as though his life had not been an easy one, nor his problem light.

It was almost dark when we arrived at the farm, so we had some supper in a hurry, and got ready for bed. The shower of rain had passed over quickly, so they figured on being able to start threshing in the morning. The Shrimp and the two Ontario boys were bunked in the house, while Jack and I had a couple of cots in an empty granary. We liked it, because it was nice and clean, and we had it all to ourselves.

They gave me a team in the morning, and showed me how to harness it. I had a little trouble, but the horses were gentle, so I got headed out into the field without any accidents. The Shrimp was having a lot of trouble with his harness when I left, but I figured he'd get along all right, since he was such a good teamster. But I hadn't come more than a couple of hundred yards past the gate when I heard a terrific clatter. I turned just in time to see the Shrimp's team come galloping down the lane, the rack clattering and bumping behind, with the Shrimp holding on to the lines for dear life. The edge of the rack clipped the corner-post of the fence and lifted it out as neat as a whistle. He went past me at full speed, trailing fence-posts and yards of wire. I watched him go bumping across the field, knocking over stooks like pins in a bowling alley, bouncing over knolls and into hollows. I swear it's a miracle he didn't turn over a half-dozen times.

Sig Hansen, the separator man, went running out from the separator to head the team off. I still don't know how he did it, but he caught the head of one of those crazy animals and got them stopped.

Page Two

APOLOGIA

The Postern Gate

"For arduous is the path and narrow is the gate that leadeth unto the city of fame, and few there be that enter therein."

Now it befell in the days of King George that there were gathered together at the University in the City of Edmonton a multitude of young men, yea, and many damsels. And they looked upon life and found that it was good. But when they looked upon their prospects, they found that they were bad; and they communed with one another, saying, what shall we do about this thing.

And there was among them an institution, as it were a news letter, that spread abroad among them that which it was needful and that which it was pleasant that they should know. And this institution was called The Gateway; for in the long backward and abyssm of time, when first the railroad came into Edmonton, it had been said proudly, even boastfully, that Edmonton was the end of steel, and again that Edmonton was the gateway to the vast hinterland of the North country. And betwixt earnest and jest, when the news letter sprang into being at the University, it was named with the name, The Gateway, for that a semblance was seen and noted betwixt the life of the student and the door to opportunity. And lo, The Gateway had flourished now these many years.

And he that kept the gate thereof said unto his fellows, shall we take no knowledge of this thing that hath come to pass that though the gate remaineth, the opportunity hath vanished away. And they answered him, let us do so. Behold, then, said he, there are gifted young men and damsels among us. Shall we not provide them an opportunity for displaying these gifts and for preserving in the cultivation thereof? And they answered him, as you have said, so let it be.

And the Keeper of the Gate called unto him a student of Agriculture named Bicknell, and he said unto him, I prithee, Joe, take now thy pencil and draw for me a representation of the horse that is named Pegasus, and a rider upon him, and let this horse, even Pegasus, and the rider thereof, let them lope like a greyhound toward the city of fame, as it were at full tilt, into a gate that is very little so that the beholders may wonder if it be possible or otherwise that they shall pass in thereat. And he said unto him, I shall do so gladly.

For the Keeper of the Gate had it in mind that talent is widely spread abroad among youth, but that poets, yea, and artists and tellers of tales die young. And it seemed unto him a worthy thing to do to open the gate of opportunity, were it only by a little crack, and to dat what might be done to lower the infant mortality rate. And they that took counsel with him approved of all these things.

And thus it was in the days of King George in the University of Alberta and in the City of Edmonton that the Postern Gate came into being.

And for this Postern Gate the Keeper thereof maketh no apology, neither do they who take counsel with him; they make no apology, neither are they puffed up and vainglorious. But unto all such as care to read, they say only, this little Postern publisheth the work of young men and damsels, and not the work of established artists. And yet, behold, our Pegasus suffereth neither from windbreak nor from glanders, and it may well be that he will yet make up in speed and élan that which he lacketh in experience.

Sig looked mad as a bull, but he didn't say very much. He went up to the side of the rack, and asked Shrimp something—he was too far away for me to hear what it was.

The Shrimp was still plenty scared, but he had enough wind left in him to make some noise. "What d'you mean by giving me a team of half-broke cayuses?" he yelled. "You can't expect a man to drive a bundle rack with wild horses! You got to give me a decent team before I'll work on this blasted outfit." He went on raving like that for quite a while before he ran down.

Sig's face got redder and angrier, and he looked like he wanted to yank Shrimp down off that rack and tear him to pieces. He didn't, though; I guess it was because he needed all the men. Anyway, he told the Shrimp. "All right, you can swap teams with one of the other boys—you can take Jack's team. He can handle these all right."

The Shrimp had cooled down a little, and he was getting some of his nerve back. He snarled at Sig, "Okay! I can handle these broomtails! I'll teach 'em to run away on me."

He jerked their heads around, and came close to turning the rack over again, as he headed back toward the lane, trailing wire and fence-posts. Sig watched him go with a sort of undecided look on his face, then he shrugged his shoulders and went back to the machine.

It was a good-sized separator; we pitched into it from both sides. The straw was tough because of the shower the night before, and the machine kept jamming, so we had easy work. Jack and I had opposite drags—I mean we pulled in together, one on either side of the separator. Sometimes we pulled in, Jack behind the Shrimp, me behind young Ted Hansen, when the racks ahead of us were barely half unloaded.

The Shrimp was only a little guy, but he seemed to be standing up to the work all right. Of course, the going was easy; I hadn't worked all summer, and I was as soft as mush, but I didn't even get a blister that day.

Along toward noon rain began to fall again from the dark skies. Sig kept at the work as long as the machine would handle it, but it wasn't long before it was jamming so badly and so often that it was just a waste of time to carry on. So we had the afternoon off.

We were loafing in the barn after dinner, telling stories and smoking. The Shrimp was explaining to us what he used to do to the railroad bulls when he was riding the freights. Just then Sig stepped into the barn.

Sig spoke right away. "We don't smoke in the barn, fellas. Too much danger of fire."

The two Ontario boys and I butted our cigarettes right away, and Jack stepped outside to finish his. The Hansen's had a damned nice barn, even it was a little bit old. We were pretty thoughtless to smoke in there in the first place.

The Shrimp was still talking and still smoking.

When Sig came back from the box-stall, he said to the Shrimp: "I said we don't smoke in the barn. Too much danger of fire."

Shrimp looked up at him and went right on telling his story.

Sig stepped closer to him. "Either put out that cigarette or get out of the barn."

The Shrimp had nerve—I'll say that for him. He looked the big fellow right in the face, and talked right up to him. "I was hired by your old man, not you. I'll take orders from your old man, not from you."

Sig's face began to redden again. He told the Shrimp: "This is one order you're taking from me. If you don't put out that cigarette you're going to get it rammed down your throat." He doubled up his fist.

The Shrimp got a ratty, scared look on his face. He looked at the cigarette doubtfully, then he threw it down and stepped on it. "It's only a butt, anyway," he commented.

Sig looked just a little bit surprised. I think he almost grinned. Then he turned on his heel and went over to the tool-shed.

The rain didn't clear up; it came down steadily all the following day, like a heavy, icy mist. Sig and his father watched the sky nervously, and talked together in low, worried tones. Since it was so late in the fall, the chances of that rain turning into a snowstorm were pretty good.

I heard them talking in the evening, when I went out to look after my horses. They were leaning against the corral fence in the cold, raw wind.

I heard Sig speak. "It looks pretty bad, Dad. The temperature's dropping steady. I'm afraid we're in for snow." He was silent for a moment. "It seems like it's just one thing or another—drouth, hoppers, frost, and now this."

I heard the old man's deep voice. "Well, we'll just have to take it as it comes. We've been counting on this crop too strong—that's something a farmer should never do."

Sig swore. "I know it was a crazy damned thing to think, but I sort of figured for a while that Providence was kind of looking after us. I mean, having to take mother to the States for that operation kept us from seeding when everybody else did, so we missed the early drouth. Then the crop was coming on so good—it just looked like it was arranged so we'd take off a bumper crop and pay the debt on the operation, and maybe take off a chunk off the mortgage, too. And now this has to come up, after we've gotten this close to it."

The old man said something about "Number one northern."

Sig spoke again, angrily. "Six days—even five days—five days of steady threshing weather, and we'd get enough of that crop to pay a lot of money we owe. And now, if it has to lie in the snow, what we'll get will be bleached so it's damned near worthless."

"It may clear up," the old man murmured.

"Yes, I suppose we shouldn't give up so easily. Sure, there's still a chance it may clear up." But his voice was heavy with foreboding as he turned and walked with his father up the path.

Miraculously, it did clear up; four-and-a-half days after we had stopped we rolled our racks into the field again. As we loaded up, the sun came up in the cool dawn like a lake of fire in the sky. I thought of the old prediction, "Red in the morning is the sailor's warning." But even though the cloudy threat of rain hung over us constantly, the days were hot—blistering hot—an unnatural heat for fall. Sig called the days "weather breeders."

Sig kept us on the jump all the time, to try and get that crop in before the snow came. He put it up to us straight—he told us he was going to work us like hell to beat the rain. He didn't say how much the crop meant to him and his father, but I think the boys guessed it.

I liked the Hansen's a lot, and I knew how much they needed that grain, so I made up my mind to do my best to help out. I guess maybe I overdid it a little. By the end of the first day I had half-a-dozen blisters, and the work got me pretty tired.

The second day was worse than the first, but I managed to keep up with the others. I noticed that the Shrimp wasn't in very good shape, either. He was beginning to pull in a little bit later every time. I sympathized with him, because I knew how he felt; I was beginning to feel just a little bit sick.

That was the afternoon I lost my fork. We were threshing heavy bundles, lapping them head on butt in the feeder. On one of those bundles my fork slipped out of my hand went into the feeder. I made a dive for it, and got it out before it reached the knives, but it was a pretty close call. Sig saw it happen, and he shook his head, sober-faced. I shook my head back and tried to grin at him through the haze of separator dust. He nodded, and waved his hand to let me know it was okay. I spat out a mouthful of black dust, and set my aching arms to work again.

That night I was in pretty bad shape. As soon as I stopped work my muscles seemed to stiffen up, and I felt sick all over. I was so tired I was almost asleep on my feet.

SEE PAGE SIX: FORK

NATURE WITH WAR IN THE BACKGROUND

Today is Spring!

By
C. van der
Mark

It was winter, and the sky was lead-grey, the clouds laden with snow, and the wind like a whip. The old man looked away from the sight of his own warm fireside.

"I had a dream," he said. "I dreamed I walked the streets of Rotterdam. And I looked about me, eagerly searching for the old familiar places I had known as a boy. And then I saw the roads were deserted. There was no sound of voices, no pleasant hum of a busy city, not even the throb of a motor. And the buildings were blackened as though by smoke and fire, the windows broken and staring vacantly. I looked towards the sea where I was wont to watch the ships come in. But I saw only a grey waste of water. I wondered where the people I once knew had gone, or if they lay dead somewhere among the ruins. And then I woke up, and thought, 'Thank God it was just a dream!'"

The old man's reedy voice made its own music there by the fireside, and his words had a peculiar quality to their sound because they were not of his mother tongue. The girl thought that the shadows in the room deepened, and the day became more gloomy; and she stretched her hands to the living blaze of the fire as though she would draw from it life and warmth and courage. But the boy smiled, and it was though for a moment the shadows lifted again. But the old man gazed at the flames with deep, thoughtful eyes.

* * * * *

It was that day when the boy said, "Today is spring." Spring had been a long time coming, but on that day it had arrived. For in this country spring is a day only, and then summer comes with next dawn; and there are many who miss the exact hour of enchantment. It was that day when the trees here were all budding, and the prairie hills were a deeper green than they would ever be again all summer, and there were clouds blowing across the heavens swift and light as thistledown before the wind. That was the day that Rotterdam fell.

And the girl, going about her household tasks with a heavy heart, remembered how often she had longed for the green, green fields of Holland, and the orchards and the misty rain. And then she remembered that this was the place that she had hated for so long, this ugly prairie city surrounded with harsh hills and dusty roads. Then she felt that she had suddenly awakened from a sluggish sleep with dull vague dreams, and now everything was intensely and keenly beautiful. She thought how pleasant it was to hang the clean wet clothes on the line, and watch them flutter and billow in the bright warm sunshine, and sniff the clean starched smell of them. And the wind blowing fresh on her face was sweet, and a meadow lark down in the garden sang coolly of rain. And when she went in to get the dinner, it was the most lovely thing in the world just to lay the table with the blue and white china and the gleaming glassware in the peaceful shabby dining-room. And baking had become exquisite pleasure. She thought she had never before really known the delicious fragrance of golden loaves coming out of the oven.

Then the boy said more urgently, "Today is spring. It'll be gone tomorrow." So at last they cycled off together down a road that was smooth and flat, winding along the river bank. It was good to feel the cool breeze that was full of the scent of the poplar buds, and the green grass sprinkled with buffalo beans and buttercups, and the damp earth and far-off rain. Now the sky was full of clouds piling up in grey and white masses with the wind. Far west a white bright streak shone on two mountain tops that were just visible above the horizon. The steady whirr of their machines was sometimes broken by the roar of a passing motor and sometimes by catches of sentences as they called to each other.

They rode down into the park that was empty and not officially opened. Workmen mending the footpaths and bridges looked up and smiled. And then the boy and girl who had known each other all their lives were suddenly new-found friends, and children again. They swung on the swings, and whirled madly about on the merry-go-round, and tested their strength on the bars, and rolled in the new grass that no picnicker had as yet set foot upon. The empty park gave back the echoes of their young laughter. Then they set out to explore the end of the island. They rode down the pebbly road with its bar of sunlight and shadow, between tall spruce and wacing willows. The path became narrower and more winding, and they stopped at last at the end where it ran up on to the bank of the river. They stood there panting, leaning on their bicycles. There was no sound except the groaning and rattling branches of the trees, the crooning of a robin somewhere near them, and the low rushing of the river below. And then the girl was aware that this brother whom she had seen so often and knew so well, he too was lovely. She had never thought of him as lovely before, but now he was so, with his fair hair, and his clear hazel eyes with their gold lights like sunshine glinting on water, and his smile that would light up his brown face. And then in her mind he became one of thousands of other brothers marching against the enemy, facing weariness, and agony, and death, and destruction. The thought was so strong in her mind she could not drive it out. But the boy caught her wrist, whispering "Look, a snipe!" There below them at the edge of the lapping water, a bird ran about on spindly legs, dipping its long beak, fishing. The two on the bank became absorbed with watching. At length the snipe lifted its head in triumph, holding a fish.

Drops of rain fell, but the sunshine still struggled through with bright rays. The boy and girl turned to go.

"Well," the boy said, "we'll often remember this day of spring."

Dust

By R. H. Blackburn

Here in my hand, the dust
That once was the flesh of a brute,
That wallowed a while in the warm mud,
Filled its belly with bounteous life,
And then, dying, left only its bones
And a mark in the warm mud.

In my other hand, the dust
That once was the brain of a man,
That struggled a while with the hard earth,
Fought and failed and lay beneath,
Leaving his bones and a heritage;
A pile of stones beside the Nile,
A colored canvas, a thin book,
A song and a prayer and a hope of heaven,
And a mark in the hard rock.

There in your hand, the finer dust
That once was a woman's heart,
That flamed with the fire of the setting sun,
Beat in tune with the bright stars,
Fostered in man the fever of love
That taught him to tear the stubborn earth;
And hers the soul that is stamped in the stone,
In the canvas, the song, the book, and the hope,
And the mark in the hard rock.

Page Three

Announcer: It is the winter of the year 1598. Master William Shakespeare and his wife are spending a quiet afternoon in their home in London. Shakespeare is reading, while Anne is busy at a homely household duty—darning her husband's hose.

Anne (sighing): I don't know why you wear your hose until your toes come right through, Will. It makes them so hard to mend.

Shakespeare: Uh . . . m . . . mm.

Anne: Fine company you are, with your nose always in some book or other! I might as well talk to the fire-tongs. I declare, if I had known when I married you . . .

Shakespeare: Mmmm. (Pause for several seconds.) Is this not a good thought, Anne? (Reads)

"Some have too much, yet still do crave; I have little, and seek no more: They are but poor, though much they have,

And I am rich with little store;
They poor, I rich: they beg, I give;
They lack, I have; they pine, I live."

Anne: Very nice. . . You know, Will, that last lot of butter wasn't *strictly fresh*. That makes the third time lately. As I was saying to Mrs. Burbage only today . . . (Knock at door.) Put on your jacket, Will, if we have company. Come in!

Messenger: Mr. William Shakespeare, actor and playwright of the Lord Chamberlain's men?

Shakespeare: Yes.

Messenger: I have been commanded to deliver into your hands a letter from Her Majesty the Queen. Here you are.

(Door closes)

Shakespeare: The Queen!

Anne: The Queen! Oh, Will! What have you done? Have you got yourself into trouble?

Shakespeare—Why, nothing . . . I don't know. . . But let me read the letter.

Anne: What does it say, Will? Are you in danger? Quickly—tell me what it says!

Shakespeare: Why, listen to this (reads): "Mr. William Shakespeare, Actor and Playwright to the Lord Chamberlain's Theatrical Company. Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth commands your presence at Windsor Castle, on Thursday afternoon next following, to await Her Majesty's pleasure.

John Butt,
Keeper of the Privy Seal
to Her Majesty."

To await Her Majesty's pleasure. God bless my soul!

(Music)

(Fade in)

SCENE 2.

Page (in a low voice): And when the Queen enters, just walk up and bow before her. She is expecting you. Wait till she commands you to rise. You must *back* out bowing, when she dismisses you. Here she comes now.

(Sounds of footsteps)

Shakespeare: Your Majesty!

Queen: Arise, William Shakespeare. Hmm! So you are the man who wrote "Henry the Fourth" and the "Merchant of Venice"—the creator of "Romeo and Juliet". I am disappointed. You have not the look I gave you—in my mind's eye. Rise, sir!

Shakespeare: Actors are only men beneath their paint, your Majesty.

Queen: But you look like a tailor, or a pork-butcher! Very disappointing.

Shakespeare: Writers employ wits, not good looks, your Majesty.

Queen: I suppose they do. Well, a mere woman like myself always imagines actors to be so—well, different—you know, a cut above other men. I swear, it's a real disappointment to find out they are common clay. What a difference a little paint and a few bright clothes do make!

Shakespeare: As a woman, your Majesty, you only say what women have always known.

Queen: You are impertinent, Master Shakespeare, but I like you for it. I like your

Sir John Oldcastle, too. There is a proper man, Master Shakespeare.

Shakespeare: I beg your pardon, your Majesty, but Oldcastle is Falstaff.

Queen: Oldcastle or Falstaff! He is a proper man. I find all men amusing, and your Falstaff amuses me very well. A proper man!

Shakespeare: He is an egregious liar, your Majesty.

Queen: All men are liars, as I know only too well.

Shakespeare: He is a coward, your Majesty.

Queen: All men are cowards, until fear makes them brave.

Shakespeare: He is a glutton and a drunkard.

Queen: All men . . . Sir, do you bandy words with the Queen? Master Shakespeare, I say I find your Falstaff very amusing.

Shakespeare: Your Majesty is much too generous.

(Sound of door opening. Essex enters, in very high spirits)

Essex (coughs): Aha, my sweet Bess.

Queen: My Lord Essex!

Essex (gaily): You have a visitor, your Majesty.

Queen: It is Master William Shakespeare, the playwright. (Softly) And don't Bess me . . . (softly) in front of strangers.

Essex (gaily): I know him well—"Ah, Romeo, Romeo: Wherefore art thou, Romeo." Master Shakespeare, take a tip from me. A little poetry—a quivering voice—hand over the heart—why, it *utterly charms* the Queen.

Queen: My Lord, you forget yourself!

Essex (mockingly): "With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls. For stony limits cannot hold love out. (Fading) And what love can do that dare love attempt . . ."

Queen (half laughing): Sometimes I think I *hate* him! (Sound of Essex laughing in the distance.) And sometimes I *know* I do. (Coughs.) Now, Master Shakespeare, as I was saying. Your Falstaff is very entertaining. As you are aware, I am holding court here at Windsor during the Christmas season, and I wish you to write a new play for me.

Shakespeare: I am highly honored, your Majesty.

Queen: I think it might be humorous to see your "Ancient damnation" in love, Master Shakespeare.

Shakespeare (with surprise): In love! Not Falstaff?

Queen (with asperity): And why not, pray? He is the greatest fool walking.

Shakespeare—He is hardly the type for a lover, your Majesty.

Queen: Don't be a fool, sir. Show me the man who isn't the type—and all lovers are buffoons.

Shakespeare: Anyone else but Falstaff, your Majesty. Anyone else!

Queen: Master Shakespeare, I am accustomed to bandy words with no one. You created Falstaff. Make him a lover.

Shakespeare: By Christmas? So short a time? Your Majesty . . .

Queen: Master Shakespeare, I am really losing patience. Must I write the play myself. Have you never written a play before? (Cajolingly) Come! Let's have a play—a merry play! Let Falstaff play the lover! You can do it—for your Queen.

Shakespeare: For my Queen, I will do my best.

Queen: Your best, man? That's all I ask. That's all anyone can do, Master Shakespeare.

(Cue—Music)

SCENE 3.

Anne: I'm so glad you are home, William. Are you safe? I was so worried. Did you see the Queen?

Shakespeare: Oh, yes. Burbage will be here shortly, Anne. We have work to do.

Anne: What did the Queen wear? Silks? Ermine? Jewels? Tell me all about her clothes, Will . . .

Shakespeare: I see you have tidied my desk again! How many times must I . . . How

A RADIO SCRIPT

As S

was she dressed? Mmm—well, ah—I don't remember.

Anne: Was she beautiful?

Shakespeare: Beautiful? Let me think, now. Mmm—ah . . .

Anne (scoldingly): Didn't you *look* at her? Can you tell me nothing about her?

Shakespeare: Well—she had red hair.

Anne: Oh, William! Everyone knows that! (Knock at door) Come in!

Burbage (panting): I came with all speed when I had your message. Every actor in London is bursting with curiosity. Why were you called to court? What did the Queen say? Are we in trouble? What is it?

Shakespeare: Anne, will you let Burbage and me talk? It's important—I'll tell you all about the Queen some other time. Sit down, Dick. The Queen has commanded me to write a comedy for the Court entertainment at Windsor. That's two weeks away—fourteen days to write a new comedy rehearse it—polish it up. I don't know what to do!

Burbage: It's not much time, it's true. But think of the honor. I can see the bill-boards:

Written by William Shakespeare expressly for Her Majesty the Queen. Why, you'll be a made man. Think of it!

Shakespeare: But if the play is a failure?

Burbage: Will Shakespeare doesn't write failures—and, anyway, this play *must* be a success.

Shakespeare (growing gradually more heated): Yes, this comedy *must* be a success.

The Queen must smile; the court must laugh; and what will the court be laughing at, Burbage? If the play is no good, they'll laugh at poor Will Shakespeare, I know that.

Burbage: And if it's a success?

Shakespeare: Why, poor Sir John floundering around like a fish out of water! My poor old Falstaff—in love.

Burbage: You are joking!

Shakespeare: It's no joke. I wish it were.

Burbage: That old butter-tub a lover? Never! Why, he could worm his way *out* of anything, I'll admit, but he could never talk his way into a lady's heart. Not if she *were* a lady. Why, a husband couldn't be jealous of Sir John—he would only be angry if his wife liked Falstaff better than himself. And yet it might be funny—it would spoil the character—but it would be funny. (Laughs)

Shakespeare: But Falstaff just doesn't fit into the picture—it wouldn't be good comedy.

Burbage: I can just see him—Falstaff in his dotage, playing the young gallant. Love would have to be blind! Deaf and dumb, too. It would be a ridiculous sight to see him cavort around the stage—Falstaff and June moons—very funny. (Laughs)

Shakespeare: Perhaps you are right. Perhaps it would be rather amusing. Wait! I have it!

Burbage (stops laughing): You have what?

Shakespeare: You are right! I can see it . . . Silly old John chasing not one but two ladies—a jealous husband—Falstaff *would* be a complete fool, naturally—a hard old bird like Falstaff *would* be a nincompoop if he fell in love.

Burbage: But only two weeks . . .

Shakespeare: Fourteen days—fourteen years—I see the picture. I hear the women chatter—the rest is easy.

Burbage—You'll start writing . . .

Shakespeare—Tonight—now.

Burbage: The first rehearsal . . .

Shakespeare: By the end of the week. Anne, where are my pens? Where is my paper?

I can never find anything when I want it! I'll use Justice Shallow, Pistol, Bardolph.

Mrs. Quickly . . .

(Cue—Music)

SCENE 4.

(Shakespeare writing at his desk)

Shakespeare: Night after night—scene after scene—line after line, like a man slicing off bacon . . .

(Sounds of a pen scratching)

(Slow faint footsteps, the sound of the watchman's bell, and the cry "Three o'clock and all is well!")

How long can a man pull thoughts out of the thin air? Well, let's see. This speech of Mr. Ford, now . . .

Shakespeare: "Who says this is improvident jealousy? My wife has sent to him, the hour is fixed, the match is made. Would any man have thought this? See the hell of having a false woman!"

The Queen thinks all men are false, does she! She appears to know a thing or two herself. And this business of Falstaff in the first act—

"Knight, you have beaten my men, killed my deer, and broke open my lodge"—

(Musingly) Dear old Sir Thomas! Even if he did jail me, it was worth the fun. He'll never find out I have put nine extra laces on his coat. But I have jailed Justice Lucy with the strokes of my pen, and he can never escape. This line of Bardolph could be improved . . .

(Sound of a rooster crowing—sound of pen scratching)

There! Poor old red-nosed Bardolph! I wonder how you like being respectable. You may have a lapse from your grave in Henry V, if I ever get it done.

And Falstaff, you ninny; you must be tired of playing the fool. Those two letters were a bit thick, weren't they, old man? Let's see . . .

Well, if I be served such another trick, I'll have my brains tae'n out and butter'd, and give them to a dog for a New Year's gift.—You are not much of a lover, Sir John. But there is plenty of sack for you; I let you bluster and roar when I could.

Oh, oh, this could be better . . .

(Sound of pen scratching—roosters crowing a little louder now—the rumble of the first cart)

I have changed as many lines as Ben Jonson at his slowest. I don't need this candle. I'll put it out. (Yawns.) Now then, young Fenton's lines—(spoken at writing speed)—. . . thy father's wealth . . . was the first motive . . . that I wooed thee . . . Anne . . . Yet wooing . . . thee . . . I found thee . . . of more value . . .

(Fade into music)

SCENE 5.

Shakespeare (in a weary voice): Now, let's take this scene once more. This is the cue: "Look, here is a basket."

Mrs. Page: "Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul line upon him, as if it were going to bucking; or it is whiting time, send him by your two men to Datchet Mead."

Mrs. Ford: "He's too big to go in there. What shall I do?"

Shakespeare: Try to put more excitement in your voices! Your husbands are coming. They mustn't find Falstaff here! Well . . . Falstaff.

Falstaff: "Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't. I'll in, I'll in; follow your friend's counsel: I'll in—" I say, Will, this basket doesn't look any too strong to me. And can't we get one that's big enough.

Shakespeare: This one will do for rehearsals. And put some fear into your voice, man. You are not buying a salt mackerel—you

are escaping from two jealous husbands. (Wearily) Now, Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page: "What! Sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, Knight?"

Falstaff: "I love thee, and none but thee; help me away; let me creep in: I'll never . . ."

Shakespeare (wearily): Well, come on; climb in.

Falstaff: The basket's not big enough, Will. Shakespeare (exasperated): In with you, man. Let's get on with the play.

(Fade down the voice of Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford; they carry on with their lines.)

Mrs. Page: "Help to cover your master, boy. Call your men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling knight . . ."

Mrs. Ford: "What, John! Robert! John! Go take up these clothes, here, quickly. Where's the cowlstaff? Look, how you drumble. Carry them to the laundress in Datchet Mead; quickly, come."

Shakespeare: Well, Burbage, here's a pretty kettle of fish. Five more days, and the play's as rough as a cobbled street. Not an actor knows his lines—the props have to be changed . . . I haven't even got the last scene written yet . . .

(A crash is heard—muttered exclamations in a man's voice—boys' voices laughing.)

Shakespeare: What's that? What's happened?

Mrs. Page (laughing): When the men lifted up the basket, Falstaff fell through the bottom. He swears he's broken his crown.

Falstaff (groaning): My head! Oh, my head!

Shakespeare: To judge by this rehearsal, your head's too hard to be in any danger . . . That's all for today. Same time tomorrow. And for goodness sake, everyone, learn your lines!

Now to the Mermaid Inn, and drown this folly in a cup of sack.

(Music)

SCENE 6.

(Cue—Sound)

(Muffled sound of half-tipsy voices singing "Good King Wenceslas." They sing vigorously but gropingly.)

Good King Wenceslas looked out

On the feast of Stephen;

When the snow lay round about,

Deep and crisp, and even.

Brightly shone the moon that night,

Though the frost was cruel;

When a poor man came in sight,

Gath'ring winter fu . . . el . . .

Burbage: Sounds as though they hadn't a care in the world.

Shakespeare: They certainly don't care how they sound. What caterwauling!

Burbage: Appalling! Foul!

Shakespeare: I think I can pick out Ben Jonson's unmelodious baritone. Shall we go in?

(Cue—Sound)

(Door opens; last few bars of King Wenceslas burst forth in full volume. Rattling of glasses—the bar-room murmur of men over ale.)

Jonson: Well sung, gentlemen, well sung. Not as true as the boys of St. Paul's, but melodious. I believe I can recall a Latin version of the same good old carol.

Chorus of Voices: Quiet! Quiet!

We'll have a Latin song.

Latin! We'll have Latin with our ale.

Quiet, everyone. Ben will sing Latin.

Jonson (sings in a none-too-sure baritone):

Tempest adest floridum, Sergunt namque flores,

Vernales in omnibus, imitanter mores;

Hoc quod frigus lae serat . . .

(Speaks) Why here's our good friend, Will Shakespeare! And Dick Burbage!

Shakespeare: We thought we could hear the bray of a donkey, Ben. Remarkable resemblance.

Jonson: I am in good voice this evening, I admit. I thank you. Let's sit over here where we can talk.

(Murmur of men's voices and clinking of glasses fades down.)

And how goes the play, Will?

Shakespeare (with false carelessness): I have

hopes of it. Of course, you know what brawls rehearsals are.

Jonson: A little bird whispered in my ear that the new play is not exactly a seven-day wonder.

Shakespeare: A seven-day wonder! It's twice as good as that, Ben. It's a fourteen-day wonder.

Burbage: Now, gentlemen; now then. None of your arguing. Waiter, more ale!

Jonson: No one can scribble a play in two weeks. Why, a good play takes months to write.

(Clinking)

Shakespeare: Months! My good friend, I am a playwright. If I have enough ideas on hand, I can knock out one scene after another as quickly as a bricklayer lays bricks.

Jonson (angrily): Bricklayer! You call me a bricklayer! Why, you dog, I'll run you through! (Chair crashes over.) I'll spit you like a leg of beef! (Glasses crash to floor.) I'll—I'll—(ad lib)—I'll fix him! Bricklayer! Let me at him!

(Etc.)

Burbage: Ben! — Will! Gentlemen, please! Don't strike him, Ben. Sit down, Ben. There's a good fellow. There, there . . .

Jonson: Bricklayer! I hate the word! The last man who called me that . . .

Shakespeare (quietly): Don't get so excited, Ben. I didn't call you a bricklayer, and I didn't think when I used the word. You have only one good thumb left, Ben. Save it for a better man than Will Shakespeare.

Jonson (muttering): Bricklayer! Bricklayer! Burbage: There, drink your ale, Ben. You lose your temper over nothing.

Shakespeare: I ask your pardon. To tell the truth, the play smells to heaven.

Burbage: Not one man can say his lines.

Shakespeare: I never saw such a bad rehearsal as we had today.

Jonson: By my faith, I'm sorry, Will. Is there anything I can do to help you?

Shakespeare: Yes, there is. Don't talk about it. I want to forget the whole thing. Boy! More ale here.

Waiter: Anon! Anon!

(Music)

SCENE 7.

1st Lady: I do hope the play is amusing.

2nd Lady: William Shakespeare wrote it, you know. You remember his *Romeo and Juliet*. This play he calls *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Wrote it specially for the occasion, they say.

1st Lady: Have you noticed Lady Mellingham's gown?

2nd Lady: Isn't it lovely? She says her gowns are specially designed for her by a famous coutourier, but she won't tell a soul who it is.

1st Lady: Why, my dear—of course, she may have, mind you!

2nd Lady: And that ruff—Heavens! It takes inches off her height!

1st Lady: Oh, look! She's wearing a new emerald lavalier!

2nd Lady: You don't suppose . . .

1st Lady: Well, my husband says . . .

(Fanfare—Drum roll)

The Queen is coming in—there's Essex, of course.

2nd Lady (whispers): I'm positive she wore that blue gown at the last court masque.

1st Lady: Sh! The play is starting.

(Music—a few bars only)

(The play's opening lines)

Shallow: "Sir Hugh, persuade me not, I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it: if he were twenty Sir John Falstaff's he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, esquire."

Slender (fade out on this speech): "In the county of Gloucester, justice of the peace, and . . .

(Fade in applause.)

Queen: I hope my Lord Essex is not bored.

Essex: Who, your Majesty, could be bored in such charming company?

Queen: And how do you find the play?

SEE PAGE EIGHT: AS SHE LIKED IT.

G. K. Chesterton

By
GILBERT
KEITH

Chesterton's literary skill was valuable to him, as are fine suits to a banker. But just as we do not learn about banking from the cut of a banker's coat, we cannot appreciate Chesterton by an examination of his style of writing. What he says is more important than how he says it. To alter the figure, we may add that though the diamond is often praised for the flashing iridescence emanating from its facets, it is really prized because it is hard, clear, ageless, seeming to be the embodiment of a great truth, enduring and bright. Thus it is with Chesterton. Too often we are dazzled by his nimbleness and brilliance and miss the penetrating profundity of his thought. To write of his style would mean at best prolixity, at worst abstruseness. That style of second-hand goods is worthless, for the reader can only savor his richness and variegation in his books. On the other hand, I would not presume to attempt to compress Chesterton's whole life and thought into the meager boundaries of a single essay. I shall strive simply to give an impression of the man, to convey, precisely though incompletely, the sensible effect of this fine humanist.

Gilbert Keith Chesterton was an Englishman. I do not mean that he was born in England, though he was, but that he praised, criticized, loved England, as he did to the full measure of his strength and convictions. With the eye of a lover he grew joyous over her virtues and clearly noted her faults. Since he could not change England's essential being, he accepted both the good and the evil inherent in her. All that was England he embraced. He revelled in her sun and wind, found there rain throwing light upwards from the earth while darkening the heavens above, chanted again her songs of harvest and fishing, drank brown ale in a secluded tavern.

His ideals for society are reminiscent of mediaeval times—for he was a mediaevalist. The golden age of mankind, he believed, was the fourteenth century because of the absence then of class strife. Indeed, that is the central point of his love for the past. Individuals might fight and nations struggle with reason, but class must not contend with class, for ruin would result. Only when its component parts were in harmony could the whole function properly. If they did not work together, then the body, disrupted, would strive futilely to carry on, and failing, perish. Every country must be strongly nationalistic in order to respect the rights of other nations. Men must be loyal and patriotic to recognize the good of foreign nations. To Chesterton, in other words, patriotism is not merely the veneration of real estate over ideals. Some dissatisfaction in society is necessary of course if there is to be improvement, but true love is not blind, ignorant partisanship. Our classes are separate and often hostile to one another. The strong caste system is based on social requirements, though nothing could be less sociable. This ancestor worship is to Chesterton decadent since, like any peanut, the best part of ancestry is under ground. He insisted on differences, but this differentiation must be based upon aberrations from the normal. Good is common, universal, and all is based on the normal. It is only if this dogma is realized and followed that a man can be human and still love humanity, can doubt the wisdom of the state's action and offer it his fiercest loyalty, can be part of the world and view it with wonder and joy.

In the Middle Ages the instinct for workmanship was a vital urge in men. Their love for their craft kept them honest and made them contemptuous of the spurious. For no goods that were dishonest could be good. Every man in creating gave of his best, since to create it is necessary to lose one's self in intense absorption in the work at hand. Then only can the soul be found. The passionate desire for right, the intuitive awareness of the enduring, the useful, and the beautiful gave life to every worker. He was a living man since he gave to life things that were good. The guilds in becoming a con-

trolling factor became also the finest type of aristocracy. This aristocracy was strongly founded upon common men—men who by virtue of their craft could face the world and find it good since they had helped to make it. People did things in those days. Every man had his trade and so respected his trade that he often took his name from it. Even today we find descendant Smiths and Coopers. We have yet to hear, however, of Jim Banker or Leonard Insurance. When Chaucer wrote, it was important to identify men by their trades and thus to indicate their character. Through action and movement in the fourteenth century people could test themselves; and only by doing their daily work could they determine their own worth. The essential being of these men could express itself in working, fighting, hoping, praying, living fully an adequate life. They were less envious and more true to themselves, subscribing only to doctrines to which they themselves could have given birth. It was "as though the emerald should say, whatever happens I must be an emerald."

Chesterton made formal application to enter the Roman Catholic Church in 1922. His informal application began when he could hear and observe. It is significant that *catholic* means liberal and universal, for these qualities did he find in the Church of Rome, prizing them greatly. The vital spirit that is manifested in man had been perverted by ugly ideas about predestination, a fatalism that was alien to joy and good cheer among friends. The idea that the world was a machine, running along predetermined lines, was logical and complete in theory; in practice it was hampering, a shadow mocking glorious things that make men happy—first love, the innocence of children, hoping and praying. If this pessimistic doctrine were true, then all these things could not be personal experiences keenly felt and enjoyed. Chesterton felt acutely the rightness of doing the things that make men happy, so acutely in fact that he discarded entirely the other, foreign dogma. This reasoned completeness, he felt, was accompanied by a spiritual shrinkage because it discouraged hope, bravery, poetry, initiative, and indeed was the complete opposite to whatever kindly spirit promoted "an active and imaginative life, picturesque and full of poetical curiosity." The Church of Rome, it seemed to him, encouraged man's individual efforts to be Creator—and he became a Roman Catholic. In the Catholic faith he found a balance between the multiple paradoxes that invest life and religion. Life always seems so vulgar and complacent, content with everyday things, but every person hides and nourishes higher aspirations and seeks the way to gratify them. In staunch Roman Catholic countries there is always singing, dancing, and the laughter of peasants, but there are also life-long marriages, confession, and excommunication. Christian art was full of strong colors and movement. Popes and bishops were strangely and colorfully garbed and rode in great processions. The Church, realizing that all men are mystical, made miracles and saints part of religion. Men's souls thus grew healthier, for it is good for them to wonder and to be aware of the mystery of existence:

"Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight on Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

All this Chesterton had felt: he was not Roman Catholic by conversion, but by nature.

Through a love of truth this man found good in everything. He was a good man who, working with the materials at hand that he could see and feel, moulded them into a philosophy by which men could advance toward Utopia. For of course he left the creating of Utopias to pessimists.

A Fork in the Feeder

At the supper table I heard someone say to old man Hansen, "Slim lost his fork today."

"Oh? How did that happen?"

Sig spoke up right away. "It's all right. It slipped out of his hand, but he got it right away. There was no harm done."

I started to say something apologetic, but the old man interrupted. "That's all right, Slim. Just so long as you keep trying it's all right. Only hang on to your fork."

Well, that was that. I figured the matter was closed, but one of those Ontario guys spoke up. "I suppose it'd wreck the knives if a fork ever went into the machine?"

"No it probably wouldn't hurt the knives," Sig answered, "but it'd sure raise hell with those concaves."

"What are the concaves?"

"That's the part that does the threshing. They go around at high speed to knock the grain out of the hulls. I've seen chunks of those things come shooting out through a separator wall like bullets when something gets in there. Even a stone or a piece of wood will break 'em up."

"Remember the time that Polack lost his fork into Graham's machine?" asked Ted. "It took them a whole week to get going again."

"Yes, that's the trouble. Even if you have spare parts handy, it takes a couple of days to get them in. If Slim hadn't got his fork out in time it would have cost us a week at least to get those parts out here from Edmonton and get them into the machine. By that time the rain'd be here again. I guess we'll be lucky to finish as it is."

The Shrimp was looking at me with a strange look on his face. I didn't think much of it then, but I remembered it later.

It was hot as Hades the next day. There are people that'll tell you hard work never hurt anybody, but I'm tell you I was sick that day—just physically sick, from work that was too hard for me. The heat, my weary muscles, the chaff and dust, all combined to make that day one hell of pain and irritation. I don't remember very much of what happened that day; only a few things stand out in my memory as in a sort of dream. I can remember catching the corner of my rack on Jack's. I remember driving away once from the machine with the bottom of my rack littered with bundles—I didn't notice them until the field-pitcher asked me about them. I remember seeing the Shrimp staggering to the water can in a dazed fashion. I remember the snarling, clawing maw of the machine, screaming for food, and belching suffocating clouds of black dust. And I can remember the thought that kept running through my mind: "If he hadn't gotten his work out it would have cost us a week—a week of rest—just to lay myself down for a week and rest—forget eating, sleepin, just rust—no roaring separator, no leaden bundles to pitch." I gritted my teeth and made up my mind to stick it out. They told me that the first three days are the tough ones—after that it gets easier.

The Shrimp was slipping farther behind the rest of the crew than I was. He was late at the machine almost every time. Often I'd got started unloading when he was still working on his side.

I can remember our last load very clearly. I pulled into the machine when Shrimp was about half-finished unloading. I began to toss bundles down into the feeder, my arms leaden and weary. Suddenly, as I pitched a heavy bundle down, a fork was in the feeder. I'd dropped my fork into the feeder again! I was too high above the feeder to reach it. I was helpless to stop it. Perhaps the Shrimp could reach it! I looked at him frantically, standing there on his rack empty-handed. Empty-handed! I looked at my own hands—they still held a fork. Then the fork in the feeder was the Shrimp's! Hours seemed to pass, then Shrimp lunged for the fork.

I couldn't see over the edge of my load. All I could see was the Shrimp's body draw back suddenly. There was a quick, sharp

Little Fish

By
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"Three aces," said Bill, as he threw down his hand. He scooped in the pile, and the others threw in their hands.

"I thought you had something good there," Slim remarked.

"Say, fellows," piped up little Joe, "do you realize that we only went fishing once this summer?"

"Whose deal is it?" Bill pushed the cards to the centre of the table. Brownie scooped them up and started to shuffle.

"Say, fellows," repeated Little Joe, "do you realize that we only got out fishing once this summer?"

"Yeh, we heard you," said Bill unenthusiastically.

"Cut 'em," ordered Brownie.

Little Joe cut the deck. "Well, don't you think we ought to get out once more this season?"

"No," said Bill. Brownie started to deal.

"But Bill—" protested Little Joe.

Bill interrupted him. "Little Joe," he said devastatingly, "does every a week pass by but what you don't get some damned fool idea into your head? Lord, man, it's the middle of October. It'll be snowing any day now. Besides, what self-respecting fish would bite this time of the year?"

Little Joe looked slightly irritated, but not in the least downcast; it took a lot to make him downcast. He was a small, round, cheerful person, perpetually enthusiastic about one thing or another. His full name was Joseph Alastair McDaniels, but when he was a boy his companions had dubbed the short chubby youngster "Little Joe," and the nickname had stuck to him all the way through adolescence, through young manhood, and finally to middle age. Similarly, the attitude of his gang toward him had not changed through the years; they still regarded him as a bit of a nuisance, bullied him among themselves, but defended him fiercely against any outsider. His sudden hare-brained ideas and fleeting enthusiasms were treated by the gang with something like contempt, yet it was not infrequent that he was the moving force to pull them out of a rut. For instance, he was the one who got them started playing poker, after they had formed a habit of playing

bridge, and it was he who got them started going out with their wives during the winter until Christmas. Yet inevitably his suggestions were deprecated, when he first suggested them. If he kept at them long enough, opposition became increasingly stronger, waned, and finally disappeared, and the gang did as he wished.

"It was a nice warm day, today," Little Joe remarked, guilelessly.

"Ante for draw," growled Brownie, giving Little Joe a dirty look.

"Anything wild?" asked Bill in a similar tone, giving Little Joe a slightly dirtier look, tinged with suspicion.

"Nothing wild," answered Brownie. Each man tossed in a chip.

"You know," said Little Joe, "I've got over a hundred dollars worth of fishing tackle, and I only used it once this year."

"Suppose," Bill spoke ominously, "suppose we play poker."

"Come on, Little Joe," remarked Slim, "it's your bet."

"Two," said Little Joe. "You know, that seems to be an awful waste."

"Two's cheap enough—raise you to five."

"How many cards do you want, Little Joe?" Brownie's voice was pointedly loud, direct.

"Oh, two, I guess. It looks like a warm week-end, doesn't it, fellows? I mean, since it's been warm today, it's almost sure to be warm tomorrow."

Bill laid his hand face-down on the table. "Little Joe," he almost snarled, "either you play poker or quit completely. Let's come to an understanding right here and now—we're not going fishing! Make up your mind to that right now."

"You couldn't get me out on a lake this time of the year for a thousand bucks," chimed in Brownie.

"Either throw in your hand right now or play the game with your mouth shut!" Bill was getting into first-rate form.

"Okay," acquiesced Little Joe. The hand was completed in silence.

It was Little Joe's deal. He shuffled the pack slowly. "We'd have to get up early tomorrow morning," he remarked to himself. The rest of the men exchanged disgusted glances around the table.

"What time were you figuring on getting back, Little Joe?" asked Slim.

"Oh, pretty early—about six o'clock in the evening. Bill, about how long do you think it would take us to drive thirty miles?"

"About an hour and a half over that dirt road," answered Bill.

"D'you think four hours fishing would be enough?" asked Little Joe.

* * * * *

The game broke up an hour later. Everybody wanted to get home early to get plenty of sleep. As Slim, Bill and Little Joe stood before Brownie's home, preparatory to walking home, the fat little man put a finger into the icy breeze and remarked confidently, "It looks like a nice warm day tomorrow."

It wasn't a nice warm day. On the contrary, it was just as cold as it could possibly be without freezing. The sky was leaden gray, the breeze was cold and piercing, and a threat of rain or snow hung in the air. Slim and Brownie displayed a very definite lack of enthusiasm over the project, while Bill could be described as nothing less than balking. But Little Joe's irrepressible enthusiasm carried them all along, so that by eight o'clock they were driving along the highway, quite snug and warm inside the car, despite the raw weather outside. Bill, with boots unlaced and everything on askew, was just finishing his breakfast of toast and bacon when they turned on to the dirt road.

"Got your chains along?" Bill asked of Little Joe.

"Nope," he answered, "we won't need 'em. It's going to be a nice day as soon as the sun come out."

"Wha-a-at?" Bill was primed and loaded for an explosion.

"Take it easy, Bill," Brownie said. "I tossed a set into my tackle-bag. I knew Little Joe wouldn't bring any."

Bill was pacified. They all lit up cigarettes and drove on.

They reached the lake a little after nine. While Little Joe and Brownie rigged tackle for themselves and the other two, Bill and Slim arranged for the rental of two boats.

Brownie and Little Joe set out from the pier first, with Brownie at the oars, trying desperately to work fast enough to keep warm, and Little Joe up in the bow, a round huddled pathetic little figure, splitting the icy breeze with a rounded back. He looked just a little defiant, as Slim and Bill clambered lustily into their boat, complaining loudly about the bitter weather and calling down the wrath of the heavens on his head.

Bill and Slim each plied an oar, and passed the other boat with a splendid wake, as both the men worked mightily. They passed through the narrows, and veered off to the right, so Little Joe instructed Brownie to turn left along the lake shore.

"Slow down and I'll get a line out," said Little Joe. Brownie slowed down. Little Joe began to troll. His face lit up suddenly, he jerked wildly with his rod. Just as suddenly his face fell. "Weeds!" He began the laborious task of hauling in the harvest of *elodea canadensis*, and disentangling it from the hook.

Eventually the line went out again and, as before, a harvest was reaped. Brownie rowed farther away from shore. Nothing happened. He rowed inshore again. Little Joe hooked more weeds. Little Joe was quite patient about it, but he began to look somewhat disillusioned, as well as quite numbed with cold.

"Let's stop and cast," he finally requested.

Brownie tossed the anchor over in frozen silence. "Haven't you got a weedless lure somewhere among all your stuff?" he asked.

They began to cast. The icy water numbed their fingers, and they were unable to control their reels. While they picked backlashes and snarls, their lures sank to the bottom and garnered more weeds. But they caught no fish. They tried floating lures. They still caught no fish. Each cast carried with it a heavy load of despair, as the two chilled and unhappy men battled with an unmanly desire to give up and go home.

Little Joe was the first to weaken. "Would you like to troll while I row? I'd like to get warmed up," he added apologetically, as though it were the most unnatural thing in the world to wish on such a pleasant, warm day.

Brownie nodded and sat down. Little Joe lifted the anchor and set out. He rowed in close to shore, and Brownie caught weeds. He rowed far out from shore and Brownie caught nothing.

"Do you think they could be in the deep water?" he asked. Brownie did not deign to reply. They continued to troll without hope.

It was some time later that Slim and Bill hove into sight behind. Little Joe silenced his oars, and Brownie hauled in another load of weeds.

"How many have you got?" Bill called from afar.

Little Joe was about to answer, but Brownie echoed back, "How many have you got?"

"Three," called Bill, holding up his catch so that they could see it. "How many did you get?"

"Little Joe was once again about to answer, but once again Brownie interrupted: "Only two," he called, with a fine show of disappointment. "See you at lunch time," he added as he motioned Little Joe to get back to work at the oars. "Now, Little Joe," he growled, "we've got to catch two fish before lunch, even if we have to postpone eating until midnight."

Little Joe rowed long enough to get the blood circulating in his veins again, then he began to show signs of unrest. Brownie ignored

SEE PAGE EIGHT: LITTLE FISH

Page Seven

clatter, then a scream of tortured metal, and the tractor stopped.

There was a silence—a deafening silence. The Shrimp kicked a bundle out of his way and climbed down of his rack, slowly and deliberately. He walked over to the water can and dipped out a drink. Water dripped off the bottom of the dipper—drops that made little spurts of dust by his feet. Still holding the dipper, he looked up at the separator. There was a strange look on his face—it's hard to explain what it was. It was almost happy, yet with a sort of awe.

Suddenly the broad back of Sig Hansen was before his face. A back slightly bent, a pair of shoulders a little stooped, and two great hands tightly clenched by his sides. I don't know what Sig saw from down at the tractor; maybe he saw the Shrimp push the fork into the feeder; maybe he saw the Shrimp grab for the fork and miss; or maybe he didn't see any more than I did. I don't know what Sig said to the Shrimp as they stood there by the water-can. But I saw the Shrimp back away from Sig, and there was fear, almost terror, written all over his face. He turned, and started, half running, half-walking, toward the house. Sig watched him for a moment, then he turned and looked at the machine.

The sky was beginning to cloud over, and the wind felt like ice on my sweat-soaked back.

As She Liked It

Essex: This Shakespeare . . . has a nimble wit. Wields a clever pen and all that.
 Queen: I hadn't noticed you paying much attention to the play. Enchanting profile, hasn't she?
 Essex (startled): Profile, Bess?
 Queen (with irony): What a pity she must leave Windsor in the morning. I think if you would listen to the play, you would find it really very good.

(Music)

Ford: "Old woman! What old woman's that?"
 Mrs. Ford: "Why, it's my old maid's aunt of Brentford."

Ford: "A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure; and such daubery as this is beyond our element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag; come down, I say!"

Mrs. Ford: "Nay, good husband; good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman . . ."
 (Laughter from the audience)

1st Lady: Look! It's Falstaff dressed as an old woman.

2nd Lady: I have laughed so much my stays hurt me.

(Laughter quietens down)

Mrs. Page: "Come, Mother Prat, come; give me your hand."

Ford: "I'll prat her. Out of my door, you witch. (Sound of blows.) You rag, you baggage, you polecat, you ronyon! Out! Out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you!"

(Fade out)

(Music up)

(Fade out applause)

Mrs. Ford: Well, I'm glad that's over. Whew!
 Shakespeare: You are glad it's over! How do you think I feel? (Eagerly) Do you think they like it?

Mrs. Page: I saw the Queen smiling.

Mrs. Ford: And my Lord Essex was doubled up with laughter all through Act Four.

Shakespeare: For two weeks we slave night and day to get this play in shape. What happens? The Queen smiles. Well, it's better than a regal frown. I tell you an actor leads a dog's life!

Page: Master William Shakespeare? Her Majesty the Queen desires you to come to her at once.

Shakespeare: I am at her Majesty's commands.

Page: When you enter the room, Master Shakespeare, you must walk slowly up, and bow before the Queen. Do not rise until her Majesty . . .

Shakespeare (loftily): My good man, we have been to court before.

(Music)

SCENE 8.

Shakespeare: Your Majesty called for me?

Queen: Dragged you away from your fond admirers, I'll wager. Every wench in court is talking about the clever Will Shakespeare.

Shakespeare: I would not say dragged, your Majesty. That would mean I came unwillingly. And the court wenches, as you call them, do not speak to lowly actors.

Queen: The Queen will speak to a lowly actor when he is so great a wit as Will Shakespeare.

Shakespeare: You honor me past all belief, your Majesty.

Queen: I honor you? The years to come will make paltry all the honors I can bestow upon you.

Shakespeare (puzzled): The years to come?

Queen: Yes, the years to come. The years even now crowding so closely upon me. What will the years do to us, my fine playwright? Will they ascribe to me the place I now possess—you kneeling at my feet—all England for my footstool? Or shall I become the Queen who commanded "The Merry Wives of Windsor" to be played for her amusement?

Page Eight

Little Fish

them. Little Joe fidgeted. Brownie still ignored him.

"How about you rowing a while?" the fat little man finally asked.

"No." Brownie sounded definite. "We can can stop and cast, though. Drop the anchor as soon as we get in about eight or nine feet of water."

Once again they tried to cast with nerveless fingers. There was no sound except the ripples, the whirr of the reels, and occasionally a grunt as the lines backlashed.

"I've hooked one," remarked Brownie very calmly. He hauled the fish into the boat. It was small, but it was undeniably a fish. As they looked at it silently, they both regarded it as something of a triumph.

Little Joe's hopes were all renewed. "Well, I guess it'll be my turn next. I guess we've found the spot where they're really biting." He executed a long, flawless cast.

An hour later they were still fishing at that same spot. Brownie's face was grim and blue. Little Joe's usually cheerful countenance was beginning to sag again.

"Gosh, Brownie," he remarked suddenly, "here come Bill and Slim. Let's go."

"I've got another," said Brownie in that same quiet tone. It was another small one, and he was able to get it into the boat quickly and inconspicuously.

By the time Bill and Slim arrived both the men were casting again, Brownie with quite a

Shakespeare: The record of England's greatness is the story of her Kings and of her Queens.

Queen: Not so, Will Shakespeare, not so. 'Tis the poets and the writers who make history worth recording.

Shakespeare: You give me courage, your Majesty. Courage to believe I do not sweat my brains for nothing.

Queen: For nothing! But *some* would say it is for nothing. In pounds and pence, your rewards are small. What you will receive for your "Merry Wives of Windsor" would not buy me a flagon of my favorite French wine. Are you satisfied?

Shakespeare: You are a hard questioner, your Majesty. I am so much a fool as to say I do not write for money. But there is more to it than pounds and pence. Actors are kicked around like dogs. Sometimes we work; but as often as not, we can find nothing to do. Actors starve. We know what it is to hear our children weep because there is no bread. You may call us dreamers and fools, but in our hearts not a man of us but would rather be a good actor than the mightiest of kings.

Queen (somewhat heavily): And why not! 'Tis wearying to rule even so small a realm as my little England. Yes, I think I understand what you mean. An actor can be a king for the space of a play. I am Queen until the day I die. "Uneasy lies the head that wears the crown." (More brightly) But these are not fit words for the ruler of England. Such words come lightly from the pen of that clever fellow—William Shakespeare.

Shakespeare: I feel it deeply that you should recall a single line of my scribbles, your Majesty. The ruler of England has weightier matters than comedies and tragedies to think of.

Queen: You think I honor you? You have honored me by writing a play for me. Nay, do not shake your head, Master Shakespeare. The day will some time come when all men read from books, and then . . .

Shakespeare (surprised): When *all* men read?

Queen: I see you smile—but I believe that day will come. And when it does, then poets and writers, such men as you, Will Shakespeare, will reign as uncrowned kings in the minds of men.

(Music)

self-satisfied look, and Little Joe with a look of complete despair. He looked at Bill apprehensively as the other boat drew near.

"Got any more?" smirked Bill. He and Slim seemed quite comfortable, not in the least bothered by the cold weather. Little Joe was wet through, with most of his usual good humor chilled out of him. He was on the verge of despair.

"No," said Brownie, in answer to Bill's question.

"We've got five now—three for me and two for Slim. Did you each get one?"

"No," answered Brownie. "They're both mine."

That called for quite a round of derision. Even Brownie jeered at him. Little Joe, usually so insensitive to jokes at his expense, was beginning to feel very unhappy. He sat, blue-lipped and despairing, huddled in the bow seat of the boat. The other ate their lunches in high good humor, as they traded fish stories and laughed at him and his expensive fishing tackle. Little Joe looked down into the cold green water and shivered. His sandwiches tasted like dry sawdust in his mouth.

The two boats kept close together, casting and trolling without luck. Then it began to rain—fine, sifting drops, like a soaking mist. The dominant majority of the anglers decided to set out for home, in the face of dogged opposition from the fishless angler, who was determined to catch a fish.

The others made one concession to Little Joe. As they rowed back, they travelled slow enough for him to troll. Bill rowed beside him, so that Slim could troll too.

They were getting close to the narrows when Little Joe suddenly yelped "Stop!" His eyes were gleaming, his round little face was alive with pleasure, and his rod was jerking and bending spasmodically. All his woes of a moment before, the cold, the rain, were all forgotten.

Now that the big moment had come his conduct was faultless. He handled his rod and reel with a delicacy and concentration born of experience. Not once did the line slacken, not once did he fail to give line when the fish jerked. By steady delicate pressure he worked his catch closer to the boat. Twenty feet out from the boat there was a broad silver flash, a swirl.

"Did you see what I saw?" asked Brownie.

Suddenly, without warning, a great fish catapulted himself out of the water, only a few yards from the boat. Twice he shook himself in the air as his great tail flailed the water. The spinner jangled in his mouth. Little Joe held the line solidly against him. Once again the battle went on below the water. Again the monster hurled his three-foot length into the air, and again the angler held the line taut. The reel screamed shrilly as the fish sped irresistibly away from the boat. Little Joe gradually slowed him down, and drew him remorselessly back to the boat. The battle continued—slow, steady pressure against magnificent power. Eventually, the huge fish became weary. Little Joe drew him gently alongside the boat, and holding the reel ever so gently, slipped the gaff under him. The weary tiger rolled over onto his side. Without warning, he gave one last lurch, the hook dropped from his lip, and he swept slowly and majestically away from the waiting gaff.

Little Joe was stunned. He dropped the gaff and his rod in the bottom of the boat and buried his face in his hands. Bill opened his mouth to say something, but he closed it again. Slim put away his line, and both boats began to move toward the pier.

Brownie put away all the tackle, while Bill put the chains on. Little Joe was completely worthless: the cold, the rain that he had suffered seemed to descend upon him all at once, and he was a sick little man.

Slim and Brownie packed the dunnage into the car. Bill prepared to go. He turned to Little Joe: "You sit up here in the front seat where you'll be near the heater." He wrapped the little man in blankets and lifted him bodily into the seat.